When Boston Braved the King

William·E·Barton

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WHEN BOSTON BRAVED THE KING

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A Story of Tea-Party Times

BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY

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BOSTON AND CHICAGO

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WHEN BOSTON BRAVED THE KING.

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To the Young People

OF

SHAWMUT CHURCH

WHICH BEARS THE ANCIENT NAME

AND PRESERVES THE NOBLE SPIRIT

OF OLD BOSTON

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PREFACE

THE story of the Boston Tea-Party has been told many times, but still it offers to the story-teller a tempting theme. One thing which deserves to be brought more prominently to the front is the large share which the young people, the apprentices, the boys in the Latin School, and the Daughters of Liberty had in the making of public sentiment and the carrying out of daring projects in those momentous days.

This story is intended to be accurate in its representation of historic characters and events; to give a true picture of life and thought in Boston before the Revolution, and to bring to the front the young people of the time together with their interesting seniors. Among the latter it introduces the warm-hearted and impulsive John Crane; the ever-ready and always intrepid Paul Revere; the unhappy and misunderstood Governor Hutchinson; the Quaker

owner of the tea-ships, Francis Rotch; and the jolly old Tory parson, Mather Byles; beside the leaders of public sentiment in that day, Warren, Adams, Hancock, and Mollineux. It endeavors to do justice to the Loyalists, who deserve the privilege of speaking in their own words to the present generation, and it attempts further to bring into high relief the earnestness and patriotism of those who, in the destruction of the tea, led in the brilliant and historic protest against the aggressions of the British government.

The site of the Liberty Tree is marked with a tablet, but thousands pass it every day unheeding, and too few know what things were done there. It deserves to be remembered as a place not less sacred than Faneuil Hall, the Old South Meeting-house, or Independence Hall.

W. E. B.

BOSTON, March 1, 1899.

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WHEN BOSTON BRAVED THE KING

CHAPTER I

THE TWO 'PRENTICE LADS

It was a Monday afternoon in September, in the year 1773. A lad who had walked over Boston Neck stopped for a moment under a great spreading elm that grew in the yard of an old-fashioned house on what was then Orange Street, but now is Washington Street. The street continued on, but from that corner had another name, — Newbury.

"I think that I have come too far," he said to himself, and looked about for a guide-post. A street led off at right angles, or as nearly at right angles as could be expected in Old Boston, and there was another nearly opposite. "Surely," the lad thought, "there should be a guide-post here for strangers."

He cast his eye toward the tree, and upon its trunk saw a copper tablet:—

"This tree was planted in the year 1646, and pruned by order of the Sons of Liberty, February 14, 1766."

The boy's cheek flushed, and his heart beat faster.

"The Liberty Tree!" he said aloud, "and glad I am to stand beneath it!"

He set down the bundle, which he had been carrying upon a stick over his shoulder, and looked about him on every side.

"This must be Liberty Hall," he said, "for I have heard that the space about the Tree is so called."

The Tree was of magnificent size and proportions, and had attained a perfection of shape after its trimming that made it one of the most beautiful elms in Boston. Its spreading limbs diverged from the trunk at symmetrical angles, and the branches bent upward and outward, and then gracefully downward, in sweeping and harmonious curves. The leaves were turning yellow now, and the ground was carpeted with them, but the Tree still hung full, and cast a wide and pleasant shade. John Farwell thought that he had never seen a tree so beautiful. Through its branches rose a flagpole which overtopped it, but there was no flag flying to-day.

John stood so long that he almost forgot his errand, absorbed as he was in the study of the Tree. From his revery he was recalled by the approach of a lad about his own age, though shorter and stouter than himself, carrying under his arm a bundle of papers.

John stopped him as he approached, and asked, "Can you tell me where the house of Mr. Crane is?"

"You mean John Crane?" asked the other.

"The same. John Crane is the name I have been given. I think he lives not far from here."

"Not far, and I'm going by. I'll show you where he lives. He's a great man, is Mr. John Crane."

"So I have been told. He is a carpenter."

"Aye, and much beside, as a lad should know who stands reading the plate on yonder Tree. 'Understandest thou what thou readest?' as Philip asked the Ethiopian?"

"Aye, though I am no Ethiopian. Yet, like the Ethiopian, would I wish some man to guide me, for this is my first visit to Boston."

"Well, then, I'll be your guide, though I be no more a deacon like Philip, than you an Ethiopian. This Tree,—but the story is known to you?"

"I have known of the Liberty Tree since I was half my present age."

"Which is — ?"

"Seventeen. And yours — ?"

"The same, lacking a year. I was born on Guy Fawkes Day, which is lucky, for I get ever a holiday."

"Mayhap I'll celebrate it with you, since it is not far away. What is your name?"

"Thomas Lawson. It once was Thomas Hutchinson Lawson, for my father had a better opinion of his Excellency than have I. I'll have no Hutchinson in my name. I'll drop it altogether, or I'll change it to Barre, as the town named Hutchinson is about to do. I'd rather be named for the man who stood for our rights in Parliament and gave to us the name we love, 'Sons of Liberty.'"

"But Mr. Hutchinson was not governor when you were born."

"Nay, but at that time he had secured good money for Massachusetts that makes us now out of debt, while Rhode Island with its paper money is poor. And my father honored him for that as he obtained for New England the money due us from

Parliament for the work of the Colonies in the French War. My father fought at Louisburg, and that was why he loved the name. But had he lived till now, he would have hated it, even as I do."

"Your father is dead? So is mine."

"Aye, and my mother too. And I am 'prentice to Edes & Gill, printers of the *Gazette*, and it ill becomes me to be standing here talking when my papers are to be delivered. Come, let us go on. No, not that street — that is Essex, and leads not right either for me or you. This is the way we go, down Frog Lane. You came past the street that would have been nearest, which is Nassau. It is a new street, and runs from Frog Lane below the Common into Orange."[1]

"And this is Frog Lane?"

"Aye. It leads past the end of the Common and the burying-ground to the Marshes; and beyond it lies the Back Bay."

"You leave your papers at the doors?"

[1] Washington Street bore several names; the part of it from Dock Square to School Street was called Cornhill; from School to Winter Street it was known as Marlborough; from Winter to Essex it was Neweberry (or Newbury); and above Essex Street it was Orange Street. These names were all consolidated into Washington Street about 1823.

"Yes; I leave one here. This is Dame Snyder's house. Did you ever hear of Chris Snyder? No? He lived here.[1] His mother is a widow, and he was shot by a Tory named Richardson, from the shop of a tea-selling merchant, Theophilus Lillie, in Middle Street."[2]

"What did they with the man who killed him?"

"They were to have hung him, but the Governor would not let so precious a Tory stretch hemp. He is in prison, but on the day of Chris Snyder's funeral there was a board nailed to the Liberty Tree with the text, 'Thou shalt take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer; he shall surely be put to death.'"

"At the Liberty Tree? Is everything in Boston done at the Liberty Tree?"

"Much of it. The funeral was held there. It was in February, more than two years ago. Well do I remember it, for a week later came the Massacre."

"I know well the date of the Massacre, — the fifth of March," said John.

"Every patriot knows it, nor shall it ever be for-

[1] The home of Christopher Snyder was in Frog Lane, now Boylston Street, not far from the site of the Young Men's Christian Union Building.

[2] Hanover between Prince Street and Blackstone, then Mill Creek.

gotten. It was the anger of the people over the murder of Snyder that led to the Massacre."

"And they held the funeral out of doors, and in winter?"

"Aye, for no house would hold the throng. The schools dismissed, the shops closed, the 'prentices had half-holiday, the whole town was there; six hundred lads from the schools marched in procession; aye, and Old Master Lovell, Tory though he be, was there, and the populace by thousands. There has never been such a funeral in Boston. Come with me a few steps this way, if you are not weary. I have a paper to leave. This is the Common. Yonder on the hilltop is the Beacon, to be fired in time of danger. It is called Sentry Hill, but some call it Beacon Hill; in this corner of the Common is the burying-ground."

"I am most glad to see Boston Common," said John. "I have often desired to see it."

"Where is your home?" asked Tom. "I have told you so much about Boston I have let you tell me nothing about yourself."

"My home has been in Gloucester. My father was lost at sea, and my mother also is dead. I have been

much upon the sea with my father, but never before to Boston. I worked this summer upon a farm at Lexington, and I am coming to be apprenticed to Mr. Crane to become a housewright."

"We shall be at Mr. Crane's house very soon," said Tom. "It is there on the right, and the street which runs across from it is Hollis. On the other corner lives Mr. Lovering. He is a tallow-chandler, and a Son of Liberty, and I leave a paper there. On the opposite corner of Hollis Street, in yon square house, lives Mr. Bradlee,[1] who also is a Son of Liberty."

"They all seem to be Sons of Liberty in this end of the town," said John.

"Many of them, but not all. Just beyond Mr. Crane is Mather Byles, the Tory parson, and there on Hollis Street is his church."

"Is his church Tory, too?"

"A few of his members are Tories, but there is much opposition to him. It is said the members would gladly be rid of him, but he is an old man now and has served them long."

"I have known no Tory parsons," said John, "and

[1] The fine old Bradlee House, later known as the Daggett House, was torn down in 1898.

this summer I have heard Mr. Clarke of Lexington, and I warrant you he is no Tory."

"No, nor the most of our preachers. But Byles is unlike the rest."

"What is he like? sour and stern?"

"Not at all, but the jolliest old fellow, in a big wig, and with a hearty laugh. You shall see enough of him, for he lives next door to Mr. Crane. But here you are at the door."

"I am most glad to know you, and trust we shall meet often."

"That will we, for I come with the paper every week, and sometimes oftener of errands to Mr. Crane. Here he is now."

At that moment the door opened, and a stout, thick-set, brawny man of twenty-eight or twenty-nine appeared.

"Eh, you young rascal," he said to Tom, "you're late to-day, I'll warrant. I've waited for that paper this half-hour. Why does not Edes turn thee off and get a swifter devil to run his errands? Eh?"

"The paper was printed a little later, sir, for a letter had just come in from Dr. Adams. You'll find it on the second page, and most important, too, sir."

"Whatever Sam Adams writes is worth reading. What says he now?"

"He calls on the people of the Colonies to form a Continental Congress, sir. There is the letter. And this lad comes to see you, and I will leave him."

"May it please you, sir," said John, stepping forward, "I am John Farwell, and I have come to be articled to learn to be a housewright."

"Yes, yes, lad, I know. But wait a bit. Stay, can you read?"

"I can read, sir," said John.

"And so can I, but not so well as I can plane a board or shoot a gun. Here, lad, let me hear you read. Nay, but I want to look over. Sit beside me here. Now read on."

So John sat on the doorstep beside his new master, and read him the carefully-written article in which Samuel Adams called on the Colonies to insist upon such terms as would admit of no other authority within the Colonies than their own legislatures.

"Stay, lad, read not so fast. Let me see what he says," said Crane.

John read him the entire letter. It began with the words, startlingly courageous: —

"The various methods that have been used by the British administration to carry their favorite point of enslaving America is a strong reason why we should be watchful of every maneuvre."

The letter went on, in terms, courteous to the King, but defiant toward the British ministry, to assert the rights of the Colonies. It quoted Franklin, then in England, concerning the righteousness of the Colonies' protest, and counselled united and constant agitation, believing that, —

"Decent and manly protests against particular innovations have the greatest tendency to an effectual, if not a speedy, removal of them."

John read the letter in a straightforward and intelligent manner. Crane heard it with manifest interest. His own early education had been of a meagre nature, and while he could read and write, and was quick at figures, he was glad to have read to him his more heavy literature. He was a constant reader of the *Gazette*, sitting in the twilight of each Monday and poring over it, and spelling out with some difficulty the long words in the articles which Warren, Adams, and other patriots contributed week by week, mostly over Latin pen-names. The

leader this week was signed by a simple "A," which revealed at once its authorship.

It was plain that John's reading made a good impression upon his employer. He had begun to read in some uneasiness, little expecting such a test of his fitness to learn the carpenter's trade. But he gathered courage as he proceeded, and had the satisfaction of seeing that Crane counted his reading a manifest improvement upon his own. Like many men of meagre education, he was accustomed to gather thoughts more readily from spoken than from printed words; and hence, while liking to look over the page, he liked also to hear the spoken words that assisted his own comprehension.

"That man Adams is a great man," said Crane, "and he knows well what his words mean. But if I mistake not, there is but one end to suchlike talk as that, and that is, a free country here. But come in, lad. What did you say is your name? Come in, John. We will talk about the articles later. What are your qualifications to be a housewright? You can read? That is well. Are you a Tory, or a lover of liberty?"

"A lover of liberty," said John, "and so was my father before me."

"And Parson Clarke sends you? Well, that is enough. To-morrow, mayhap, I'll see if you can drive a nail. But come in now with your bundle, and have a bite to eat. You'll have a cup of milk, maybe? Or tea such as we make of raspberry leaves? You'll get no other kind here!"

At this moment Mrs. Crane appeared, a baby in her arms, and a little girl at her skirt, hiding from the stranger and making coquettish advances toward her father.

"Ah! you witch, Alice!" cried Crane, catching the little one up and placing her triumphantly upon his shoulder. "Mehitable, my dear, this lad is John Farwell, who comes to learn to be a housewright. Lad, this is Mistress Crane, whom you must obey as I do. My dear, this lad seems a likely cub, and he can read well, and he comes from Parson Clarke. We've a bit of a room in the attic where I think we can stow him, and we'll keep him in the house with us if he minds well."

And so John was admitted, not only to the shop, but to the home, of John Crane, already distinguished as a soldier, and destined to become a colonel and one of the foremost of the colonial artillery officers in the great war that was even then impending.

CHAPTER II

TWO SONS OF LIBERTY

JOHN FARWELL spent his first evening in Boston in a happy frame of mind. He had long looked forward to such a future as now seemed opening to him. Since the death of his father he had been alone in the world. All the hopes which he had cherished up to that time seemed suddenly to have come to an end, and to leave him no opening on land or sea. To no one does the earth itself seem so cheerless as to one who has been reared upon the water, and to whom the water has proved unkind. To a Gloucester lad the land is always accepted with an apology, as a poor substitute for man's proper home, the sea. The fisheries of Gloucester had afforded no opportunity for a livelihood since John had been left alone. The proceeds of his father's half-interest in a fishing-boat had hardly sufficed to pay the bills incurred by his mother's

sickness and death, and he had been left alone and penniless.

The summer months had afforded John employment near Lexington, and he had given himself to the making of hay. But the farmers were less busy now, and with the autumn he would have been adrift again but for the good offices of Parson Clarke, who, learning that John Crane had need of another apprentice, secured the place for John.

It seemed to John too good to be true. Boston! What New England lad has not desired to live there? What daydream in all John's loneliness had not found its brightest and most impossible feature in a trip to Boston? In Boston one could be in touch with the world; in Boston were night-schools, and books, and means of improvement; in Boston the patriotic sentiment of the Province was most intense; in Boston one might hope to see, and, perhaps, even to hear, the great patriot leaders; Boston was the port whence ships sailed to the ends of the earth — the gateway to all glorious lands and journeys; in Boston was all that John had ever hoped for — and his dream had come true! He sat in the chimney corner by the fire of John Crane, trying to make

himself believe that it was a dream. It was true, though almost too good to be true.

Mrs. Crane sat knitting, her foot on the rocker of the cradle. John Crane was reading his *Gazette* before the fire.

"Here, lad," he said, "read to me a bit. My eyes are not so good as they once were for reading, though never better, I warrant you, for seeing the sights upon a brass cannon. Adams has outdone himself in this letter. Let me light my pipe and listen, while you read it through."

John took the paper and began to read, knowing well that there was little the matter with Crane's eyes, but he had scarcely begun when there came a knock of the old brass knocker on the door.

"Who's at the door? Go, lad, and see," said Mr. Crane; and John went.

"Is Master Crane within?" asked a hale voice as John opened the door. "Tell him that Master Revere would speak with him."

"He is," answered Mr. Crane, before John could speak. "Come in, Paul. I have much to say to you."

The visitor stepped inside. "Good morrow, John. God save you, Mistress Crane," he said. "How fares this end of Boston?"

"As well as yours, I warrant. What are you nabobs of the North End doing?"

It was evident from their first word that these two friends were given to joking each other, and that the rivalries of the two ends of Boston afforded a continual subject for their mirth.

"Honestly employed for the most part, I warrant. What new mischief hath the South End devised by this time?"

"You'll know, come Guy Fawkes Day. Are your lads to have a pope?"

"Aye, unless they take George III."

"Ah, Paul! Your joke ever outruns mine! Though I doubt not it would suit the temper of many at both Ends. Still, I fancy the King would be better but for his ministers."

"Deceive not yourself, John. The ministers, bad as many of them are, are better than the King. It is that crazy German that sits on England's throne with whom we have to reckon. We have many friends among the commoners, and yet more among

the people. It is George himself that is our heavy villain."

"You may be right. But come, draw up your chair, and light a pipe with me."

"That I will," said Paul. "Though I care less for your pipe than for the companionship of Mistress Crane. It is lonely enough at our house now, madam."

"Are all the children well?" asked Mrs. Crane.

"All well, I thank you, and I hope they may soon be better," replied Paul Revere.

"Better? Ah, Mr. Revere, I can guess what that means!"

"Now hear the wisdom of woman! And what have I said that gives you the right to guess at my meaning further than what the words say?" asked Revere, mirthfully.

"I have heard," said she.

"Heard?" he demanded. "Well, and what hast thou heard? Beshrew me if the old town of Boston be not the worst place for gossip!"

"I have heard that your children may soon hope for a new mother."

"Ah! that's the way you women do injustice to a

widower! It's enough to drive a man to matrimony to be rid of you! And whom do the gossips say I am to wed?"

"I have told you all that has been told thus far. Surely it would be better manners for me to hear that from you."

"That is well done, I confess," said Paul.

"You may as well tell her, Paul," said John. "There's no keeping a secret from her."

"I care little for secrets," said Mrs. Crane, blushing. "It was Mr. Revere who introduced the subject."

"Well, I may as well tell you. I have written it out on a bit of paper. Here it is. No, this is a bill for some work at my shop. Stay! it's on the other side! I declare, I've written it on the back of Mr. Greene's bill. I must be gone daft. I'll make a new bill, for I must keep what's on the other side. Listen, I will read it to you."

He took from his pocket a bill on whose face was the account of "Mr. Benjamin Greene" for gold buttons, shoe buckles, and the mending of a spoon, and read: —

"Three-fourths of a Paine that makes Traitors confess,
With three parts of a place which the Wicked don't Bless;

Joyne four-sevenths of an exercise which Shop-keepers use,
Add what Bad Men do, when they good actions refuse.
These four, added together with great care and Art,
Will point out the Fair One that is nearest my Heart."

"What's that?" asked Crane. "I can't make head or tail of it."

"It's long since you were in love," said Revere.

"Not a bit of it. I'm in love still, but I keep my senses, and write no poetry. A man is far gone when he writes poetry. Were you to apply for admission to the Sons of Liberty now, you'd be black-balled."

"And why?"

"You are no freeman: nor seek to be."

"Be still with your nonsense," said Mrs. Crane, "and let us find the name."

"Aye, there you go again," said Paul. "You'll not be content till you learn the name of my bride that is to be, and you'll tell it over Boston."

"Tell it? You think I cannot keep a secret?"

"I suppose you can, but I talk not of miracles."

"Well, I'll not try to keep it, if you annoy me thus. Read that again."

"'Three-fourths of a Paine that makes Traitors confess,
With three parts — '"

"Stop there! One line at a time. Now what may that mean? 'Three-fourths of a Paine,' P-a-i — "

"No, no! That's not it. It's the thing which causes the pain."

"Why did you not say so?"

"Can you allow nothing for poetic license?"

"We can hardly expect a man to talk what he means when he is both in poetry and in love."

"Be still, John, and let us learn this riddle. 'Three-fourths of a pain — '"

"Right so far. Now what pain?"

"The pain of a cracked head or a broken heart, I'll warrant," said Crane, still intent on his badinage.

"Oh, we can never get on at this rate," said Mrs. Crane. "Come, Mr. Revere, if we were alone, we could guess it, but John will persist in annoying us. Keep us on the rack no longer. We cannot guess it."

"You very nearly guessed it then, my lady," said Revere.

"I have it," said Mrs. Crane. "*Rack!* Three-fourths of r-a-c-k is R-a-c. Now go on!"

"'With three parts of a place which the Wicked don't Bless;'"

"I can guess that," said Crane.

"I thought you would be able," said Revere.

"But I object to mixing theology with love-making," said Crane.

"R-a-c," spelled Mrs. Crane, "h-e-l — Rachel! Rachel who?"

"'Joyne four-sevenths of an exercise which Shop-keepers use,'"

"That's too far in fractions for me," said Crane. "Here, lad, you have studied. What is 'four-sevenths of a' — what is it?"

"An exercise Shop-keepers use," prompted Revere.

"That must be walking," said John Farwell, "for they have little chance for other exercise."

"W-a-l-k-i-n-g, — seven letters," said Mrs. Crane. "We must take four. The first four, is it?"

"Yes, the first four, though you ask much more help than you have a right."

"I see!" cried Mrs. Crane. "I know the name now."

"Well, go on with your puzzle," said Crane, "and have done with it. Paul and I would talk politics!"

"Politics!" said Mrs. Crane. "You know you're

as eager to know whom Mr. Revere is to marry as I am. Do you not get the name yet?"

"Last syllable," said Paul.

"'Add what Bad Men do, when they good actions refuse.'"

"Sin," suggested Crane.

"Err," said John Farwell, who, having been invited to make one guess, now ventured another.

"Right, my lad," replied Paul; "and now what name does it make?"

"Rachel Walker," said John. "Though, pardon me, sir, have you not one 'r' too many?"

"No matter about that," Paul laughingly answered. "Few great men are good spellers. There's never been a Prime Minister of England yet that spelt the same word every time alike. The name will go right on the record, and 'tis near enough right here for poetry."

"I know Rachel Walker," said Mrs. Crane. "She is an excellent and charming woman. I am glad for your home and children that she is coming. When are you to marry?"

"In a fortnight," said Revere.[1]

[1] Paul Revere married Rachel Walker, a worthy and faithful wife,

"Who is to marry you?"

"Dr. Mather,"[1] said Revere. "I attend his church now. It was a sad blow to me when Dr. Mayhew died."[2]

"It was a blow to us all. No man spoke more plainly for liberty than he."

"Aye. He was in the pulpit what Warren is on the platform, or Sam Adams with his pen, or Ben Franklin at court. We had sore need of him."

"Aye. And the zeal of the good he sought to do consumed him. He died too young."

"Yes. How like you the custom, begun with his funeral, of a prayer and a funeral service?"

October 10, 1773. He was at this time a widower, nearly thirty-nine years of age, and the father of eight children.

[1] This was Dr. Samuel Mather, son of Cotton Mather, pastor of a church in North Bennett Street, near Revere's home. He is buried with his father, Cotton Mather, and his grandfather, Increase Mather, in the family tomb on Copp's Hill, Boston.

[2] Jonathan Mayhew, pastor of the West Church in Boston, died in 1766. Revere attended his church. He was one of the ablest and most fearless men in Boston. His sermon on the execution of Charles I. was an epoch-making utterance. His sermon, preached only a few weeks before he died, on the repeal of the Stamp Act, was a noble plea for religious and civil liberty. On his death-bed he wrote to Otis, urging Colonial union as the only means of securing and perpetuating the liberties of America. His name deserves to be held in immortal honor.

"It seems to me a bit Popish. I doubt if it grows. But nothing was too good for Dr. Mayhew."

"Aye. Would I could be married by such a patriot," said Revere. "But Dr. Mather is a patriot."

"Aye. Four generations of patriotic blood on this side the water, and I know not how many on the other, are in his veins."

"Yes, and great learning; though men speak slightingly of his father."

"The foolish do, but not the wise. Cotton Mather had his follies, — he was superstitious, and he was vain, — but he had the heart of a man, the learning of a sage, the wisdom of a prophet."

"As to learning, he had enough for ten; as to wisdom, I have doubted it."

"Wisdom? At what craft did he not know more than its masters? In astronomy? Did not Samuel Sewall, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, think him dangerously ahead of his time, and himself dissent when Mather preached that the sun, and not the earth, is the centre of our system? In physic did he not know more than the doctors? Did he not save Boston from the small-pox, when he could find but one physician in all the town that would try inoculation?"

"Aye, wise he was in such ways; but not wise in some things."

"No man is wise in all things. And mark me, the day will come when the foolish will cease to smile at the name of Cotton Mather; but, forgiving his errors, which were great because the man was great, and his follies, which were small because his virtues left small room for them, will honor him and his noble line."

"His father was a great man."

"Indeed he was. Whom else could the Colony have sent to face the King and ask back our Charter?"

"It is a far cry from Rachel Walker to Increase Mather," interposed Mrs. Crane.

"Aye, it is," said Revere. "Listen, madam. Which would you say, 'will direct to the Fair One' or 'will point out the Fair One'?"

"How does it read now?"

"I am in doubt which to make it. I first wrote 'will point out,' and then changed it to 'will direct to,' but liked it little better, so let both stand."

"'Point out' is better," said Crane.

"'Direct to' is less blunt," said Mrs. Crane.

"There you go," said Revere; "and 'tis little help

you give me when you agree not! I'll leave both, and cross out one later."

But he never decided which he liked the better, so the closing couplet stands to-day, as it did when he wrote it: —

> These four, added together with great care and Art,
> Will point out / direct to the Fair One that is nearest my Heart.

All this time John sat in the chimney corner listening with all his ears. To sit in the presence of Paul Revere and one of his ardent companions, to hear them now discuss the great names of Colonial history as though they were affairs of every day, and almost in the same breath to talk of love-making, and to buffet each other with innocent and good-natured jests, was almost incredible, — and yet it was real. It was he, John Farwell, the homeless orphan boy from Gloucester, who sat here, pinching himself to be sure that it was he.

The conversation became serious when the *Gazette* was brought out and Adams' letter was read and discussed.

"There is no hope for us, I tell you," said Crane,

striking the table so hard with his big fist that the baby started in the cradle. "There is no help for us, save in a union of all the Colonies in one federated body capable of defying the British Crown!"

"You speak truly, John," said Revere. "Such a union must begin here in Boston; nay, it is already begun in our Committee of Correspondence. We must make it the basis of a union of the Colonies. From a system of correspondence, general and local, it is a small step to a congress that shall represent all the Colonies and act for them with authority."

"Boston is now in correspondence with every town in Massachusetts."

"Yes, and Massachusetts with every Colony. The correspondence represents the will of the citizens gathered in local town meetings, or meetings of Colonial representatives. What we now need, and soon must have, is a Colonial Congress, wrought out of the same stuff as the Committees of Correspondence."

"You think the danger great, do you not?"

"Never greater. Even in the days of the Stamp Act the peril was less than now. There is still a tax on tea, and that involves the principle of all that was in the Stamp Act."

The hour grew late, and Revere rose to go. As he took his hat he turned again to Mrs. Crane, asking, half-jestingly, "And do you like my poetry, Mistress Crane?"

"Very well indeed," replied Mrs. Crane; "and I like Rachel, also."

"And I, too, like Rachel," said Crane; "but Paul's poetry is not worth the paper it is written on."

"Perhaps not," retorted Revere. "Many a ballad-monger would gladly sell his lines for the worth of that paper. Mr. Greene's bill is for twenty-four pounds, fifteen shillings."

"'Twould take much of such poetry to be worth that," said Crane; "and the less there is of it, the more it is worth."

"Such words might rouse the ire of a saint, but a man must expect ill-usage when he is about to marry. Good night, Mistress Crane. You shall dance at my wedding. Good night, Crane. Good night, lad. You have a civil tongue in your head, which is more than I can say of your master."

So, with a merry farewell, Paul Revere closed the door, and was gone.

CHAPTER III

WHAT JOHN SAW IN THE MOONLIGHT

"WELL, young man, you'd best be climbing to your bed," said John Crane to his new apprentice.

"I am ready, sir," and John willingly left the chimney corner, for he was tired after his first day in Boston.

"Come, then, and I will show you the way. It is not late yet, but we rise early here, and you will be tired with your walk."

The long clock on the stairs was striking nine as they ascended. Another flight of stairs, narrower and more given to turning about than the first, and John found himself in the attic.

"This is your room," announced Crane. "Most of the men sleep in their own homes, but two are above the shop. I keep a lad in the house to run errands. I have just discharged the last lad I had, and who had this room before you."

"Did he not do his work well?" asked John, a little fearful for his own future, and remembering his inexperience.

"Aye, his work was well done; but I could not trust him. He was now here and now there, and again I knew not where. A lad who comes to me must be steady, aye, and straightforward. You're an honest lad, I know."

"I have ever been called so, sir," John truthfully answered.

"To be called so is one thing, and to be so is another, but I know an honest lad. Still I thought the other honest," he added reflectively, "till I found he had deceived me."

"I can promise you, sir, that you'll find no fault with me in that way," said John. "I have yet to learn to be a carpenter, but to be honest and frank, and to have no unworthy secrets, I have known from my cradle."

"That's well, and good night. But stay. Can you rise early in the morning? Here's the key to the back door, and another to the shop. You'll be up at five, and bring shavings from the shop to light the kitchen fire. Have a good fire, for the maid

rises soon after five, and must have breakfast at six. Now mind, I trust you with those keys. I had vowed not to trust another lad after the one I discharged. I found him slipping out and — but no matter about that; I can trust you, I think."

"Yes, sir, you may trust me," said John.

"Now take another look at the stairs, for it will be dark in the morning when you rise; and you'll have no light till you blow the coals in the fireplace."

John followed his master downstairs and returned alone, carefully counting the stairs and noting the landings. He reëntered his room a happy boy. He had a situation, he had made a favorable impression, he was trusted! What more could he desire? He handled the keys fondly, rejoicing in the trust committed to him.

"It is a small trust," he said, "but it shows that he believes in me."

John looked about his room. It was low and plainly furnished, but not uncomfortable. There was a plain table, a chair, a bed, and a great chest which served at once for a clothes-press and a seat. The furniture was all the product of John Crane's shop. A window opened toward what were then Common

and Nassau Streets, but where Tremont now runs. To the eastward were a few scattered houses; to the south was the long irregular Neck that joined Boston to the mainland. The moon was rising over the bay that separated Boston from Dorchester, and by its light he could see dimly the Castle on the island in the harbor and the old and obsolete fortifications, soon to be renewed, where the Neck was narrowest at what is now Dover Street.[1]

Beyond the narrow gateway of the Neck, there was nothing save a few stores, and a hideous, black gallows. The whole town lay to the north, standing out sharply in the moonlight as the moon lifted above the hills of Dorchester, and shone across Gallows Bay.

John was far from being sleepy. He sat long

[1] This was the second fortification of Boston Neck. The first was erected very soon after the first settlement of Boston to protect the town against Indians. After the disappearance of the hostile Indians this fell into decay. In 1710 a more imposing fortification of brick and stone, with a breastwork of earth, and gates, was established a few feet south of Dover Street, the exact location being discovered in the digging of a drain in 1860. At this time, and till long afterward, there was a stone causeway on the western side of the Neck, reaching from the gates below Union Park Street. The third, and most formidable fortification of the Neck, was made by the British during the siege of Boston.

before the open window, looking out upon the town. The old clock struck ten; a great bell rang; it was long after bedtime, John knew, but he was not sleepy. The house became silent. He was the only person awake in it. But he still sat there, looking out over the water at the town growing steadily beautiful in the light of the ascending moon. The town was as silent as the house, save that he could hear voices and see lights toward the Liberty Tree. But these the intervening houses near by shut out.

John was just beginning to grow weary when he heard footsteps. He looked toward the Common, and saw a young girl approaching. John wondered at the sight, as no person had passed along the lonely street while he had been sitting at the window. The girl came nearer, and even in the dim light John perceived an attractive girl of about his own age. Just opposite the house she paused in hesitation, and looked about her.

"I wish I knew —" she pondered, half aloud.

John was so near that he heard distinctly. He was about to speak, when, looking up, she saw him.

"Oh, please," she said in some confusion. "Can you tell me which of these streets leads back into

Orange? I do not know this part of the town, and I fear to lose myself in the Marshes."

Now, there was hardly another question about the geography of Boston which John could have answered, but the answer to this he knew well.

"Hollis Street, yonder, leads you straight to Orange, and Common Street bends about into Nassau and comes into Orange below."

"I do not want to go straight," she said.

"I do not understand," said he.

"I came out of my way because there is a rude crowd on Orange Street, and I feared to pass them. These marsh lands look so lonely, and I know them so little, that I am afraid to go on."

"Wait a moment," said John, "and I will come down and guide you through to Orange Street."

"Oh, will you?" she replied eagerly, "I shall thank you so much!"

He turned quickly, opened the door into the hall, and in a moment was on the stair. There he paused. He had forgotten the keys. He slipped back into his room for them, and returned to the stairs.

The keys! Yes, he had them; but what had Mr. Crane said to him? He had taken those keys away

from a lad whom he could not trust with them, and had given them to John.

"But I shall only be gone a moment," said John to himself, "and I am sure he would wish me to do this."

He hurried down the second-story stairs, past the door of Mr. Crane's room. It would only take a moment to tell him of the intended trip — but why should he wake him? The girl was waiting outside; she would think John slow in coming; she was afraid! He would protect her. The self-conscious, half-boastful, and ever reckless joy which the strong feel in the exhibition of courage in the presence of the weak was in John's blood. He slipped down the second stairs, which seemed to creak more than the first one, — down past the great clock ticking so loudly that John felt sure of its trying to tell upon him, and so down to the foot of the stair.

He stumbled over a chair in the living-room. The door creaked as he entered the kitchen. It would have been pitch-dark had not the fire, smouldering under the ashes shovelled over it, glowed a dull, gray red that matched the blush, struggling in his cheeks, occasioned half through a sense of guilt, and half through chivalry asserting itself.

He fumbled with the keys. He tried the wrong one first. It seemed to him that he made more noise than the whole of John Crane's carpenter shop could make. The door opened noiselessly, — that was so much, at least, to be thankful for, — and John was outside. He stopped to lock the door, trying his best to do so in silence, and keeping in the shadow of the house, stole along its side to the street.

CHAPTER IV

NIGHT SCENES IN OLD BOSTON

STRANGE are the freaks which conscience plays with us! While John Farwell was in the shadow of the house, slipping along in fear of being called back, he felt like a criminal. But the moment he passed out into the moonlight, out of sight of John Crane's window, and into the presence of the young lady waiting for him at the gate, he felt himself a hero.

"Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all," and sometimes, also, makes us unreasonably heroic.

"Oh, I thank you so much for coming with me," said a pleasant voice; and at that sound John's misgivings vanished.

"I am glad to serve you," said John. "It is not a pleasant time for young ladies to be out alone."

"No, and I would not have come, had it not been necessary. I seek Nurse Goodwin."

"I do not know her," said John. "I have but lately come here."

"I know her, and know her house," she answered. "She lives on Orange Street. I could have gone there straight, but I feared the crowd at Essex Street above, and came around, and so lost myself."

John could hardly refrain from telling her that he was glad she had lost her way, but he asked instead, —

"Have you sickness at home?"

"My father is ill," the girl replied. "Perhaps you know him, Mr. Goodrich. He lives on Ann Street.[1] My name is Prudence Goodrich."

"I doubt not I shall know your father when I have been here longer, but I am new to Boston," said John.

"O, every one in Boston knows my father," replied Prudence. "He keeps a shop on Middle Street."

"Is he very ill?" asked John.

"I pray not; yet he suffered great pain. My mother is much concerned for him, for she sent Joan, our black servant, at once for the doctor. But the doctor delayed to come, and my mother grew more anxious, for my father became worse. She longed

[1] Now North Street, and a squalid thoroughfare, but then in the fashionable part of town.

for Nurse Goodwin, who cares always for us when we are sick, and I would come for her."

"Is it far?" asked John.

"It is so long a way that mother desired me not to come, yet I was ever venturesome. My father calls me 'Im-prudence,'" she added with a little laugh.

"We are nearing Orange Street, I think," said John; "we must be near the house."

"It is close by," said Prudence. "I see it. Mother will be so glad to have Nurse Goodwin come to my poor father. She only half consented to my coming, but I would come. I could not bear to see my father suffer, and I do nothing."

They pushed open a low gate before a cottage near Castle Street, and entered a yard where marigolds, bachelor's-buttons, and primroses still presented a bold front to the impending frosts; while further back grew thoroughwort, catnip, and other herbs.

"I believe I have taken some of every herb in this garden," laughed Prudence, "save only the flowers; and I am not sure that she does not mix in some of them at times, when her wort runs short."

"If you have had all save the flowers," said John,

"THIS ONE MUST HAVE BLOOMED ON PURPOSE FOR YOU."

"'tis time you had the only pleasant dose which the garden affords. Which flower will you have?"

"Oh, thank you," she replied, "I have had enough of Dame Goodwin's medicine to last—"

"It is not as medicine that I would prescribe it," interposed John. "Come, I will pluck you a flower!"

He knelt beside the path, and plucked from a little bush a single rose, just bursting out of bud.

"It is late for roses," he said; "this one must have bloomed on purpose for you."

"Ah, I fear you have incurred the ill-will of Dame Goodwin, for that well may be the first bud on the late-blooming rose I gave her in the spring. She told me it was very backward at first, and she feared it would die. It seems to have started afresh just in time to meet the frost."

"'Tis a mercy to save it from the frost," laughed John, as he took the knocker and struck it hard against the brass plate.

A dog barking within was the only answer.

John knocked once more. Again there was silence, save only for the louder barking of the dog.

"Oh, I fear she is not at home," said Prudence. "She has shut up Fido in the house to frighten off

any Redcoat that comes plundering over from the Castle, and has gone to see some sick one."

"I am so sorry that you do not find her," sympathetically spoke John. "Have you any thought where to look for her?"

"No, no! she nurses all about the town. I never thought but I should find her. I must hasten home. I am so sorry!"

"Then I must see you home," said John.

"Thank you," replied she.

They retraced their steps, walking rapidly toward the town. As they came up Orange Street the noise of a gathering ahead was heard distinctly.

"Let us go back the way we came," said she.

They turned up Common Street, passed by John Crane's door. John saw his own window still open in the gable, and his heart smote him a little, but all was silent.

"You may stop in, if you like," said Prudence. "I can find my way alone, now." But she knew that John would not do it, and John well knew that she did not desire it.

They passed on to the borders of the Common.

"You must guide me here," said John; "for I know the way no farther."

"I will tell you the way, for I know it well. This is Common Street still; but above it becomes Tremont. A few years ago there were no houses here, but now there are many. There are twenty houses along the street from Frog Lane to King's Chapel."

"But the land fronting the Common still is vacant."

"Yes, save for the haystand, and the grammar school here at West Street."

"This is not the Latin School?"

"No; that is beyond. Here stood the old whipping-post and pillory after they were removed from King Street. They do less whipping now than in old days."

"Because they need it less?"

"Nay, because they dare not give it! If I were a man, I would find many who have need to stand there; and would begin my search for them right near the Province House."

"If you talk like that to your father," said John, "I do not wonder that he gives you the name Imprudence."

"Aye, and I rather glory in it. Prudence, indeed! The whole Colony would have been free long ere this but for what they call prudence! Why should

the securing of our liberties be left to the rabble, while the well-to-do people stand aloof for prudence' sake? Ah, but I like John Hancock, who, being a rich man, prefers to risk his property and reputation rather than submit to the injustice which we suffer."

"There is little of the Tory about you," said John.

"Is there any about you?" asked Prudence, stepping away from him.

"Not a drop of Tory blood is in my veins," said John. "I come of a race of fishermen who all these years have fought for our rights at the Banks."

"You have little of the broad speech of the fisherfolk."

"Yet I am from Gloucester."

"It is broadest there. They talk of a 'mawst,' do they not, when they mean a mast?"

"Yes, but my mother was a lady. She married my father, — there is a long story about it, — but she taught me much in the long days and longer nights when my father was away. I have been much at sea, but I have learned much from my mother, who now is dead."

"Your mother is dead?"

"Yes, and my father too. He died first. My

mother, who had left all else in life for his sake, died the sooner for his death. She still longed to live for my sake, but it was a longing divided with another to be with him. I sometimes think she never really lived again after they brought home the drowned body of my father."

"Was he like you?"

"He was brave and true, aye, and he could be tender, though his voice was strong and his hand was rough. John Farwell was his name — I am named for him. He knew little of books, but much of men. He loved an honest man, and worshipped all good women, most of all my mother. A bad man he hated, and a bad woman — I think he never allowed himself to believe that there could be one. Had he believed it possible, I know not whether he would have loathed her, or have laid down his life to win her back to goodness. One of the two he would done. He knew no middle ground. It was a sad day when we buried him. Here is a burying-ground. I never pass one but I think of him and of my mother."

"This is a famous burying-ground, the Granary. Beneath yon raised slab two governors rest. The vic-

tims of what we call the "Boston Massacre" lie yonder. Near them is Christopher Snyder, whose death caused theirs. Chief-Justice Sewall lies yonder. He was a great man. Mint-master Hull, his father-in-law, who coined the first New England money, lies there."

"Those are great names. Will there be names as great, think you, of those now living, and to be buried there?"

"I am sure I do not know. To us, in our own day, the men now living seem small beside the great men dead. But Adams, Warren, Faneuil, Hancock, and Paul Revere may yet be buried there, — they must be buried somewhere, I suppose, — and to those who come after us their names may be as great as those of old."

"They will, if they are as true to their duties."

"But it is hard to know one's duty in such times as these."

"It is, indeed, but we have wise leaders."

"Yes; but so many of the men of wealth and social standing care little for our liberties, and are content in their prosperity while the people suffer under unjust laws."

"Are there many Tories in Boston?"

"Many indeed, but many patriots, also."

They had passed the burying-ground, and were nearing Beacon Street, known in old days as "the Lane that leads to the poorhouse" — a singularly inappropriate name for it in later years. Beyond it, on Tremont Street, stood a fine residence on the lot once owned by Governor Bellingham.

"Yonder is the house of Peter Faneuil, who gave the Hall to the town," said Prudence.

"I have often heard of him," said John, "and of the Hall, and of the quaint vane upon the top."

"The grasshopper? Yes, it is quaint. The man who made it made also the cockerel on the spire of our church."

"What church is that?"

"It is called the Cockerel Church, from its vane. Dr. Mather is the minister, but my father likes him little, for he is outspoken against the King."

"Your father is a Loyalist?"

"Yes, as most of the men of property. But I am a born rebel. My father chides me daily for it. But why should we, who are both English and American, be ruled by King George, who is neither, but a proper German, and a right poor one at that?"

"You say well that there is little of the Tory about you," laughed John.

"Alas," said Prudence, "I fear that my sentiments are a thorn in my good father's flesh, and I wonder that he still loves me. But he does, and I truly love him, and try to do a daughter's duty. Ours is one of many homes where the older people are Loyalists and the boys and girls are for liberty."

"What is that low, odd-looking building?"

"That is King's Chapel, the meeting-house which Andros built. My father talks of going thither from Dr. Mather's, but I have no heart to go. They mean to build a spire upon it one day, but they are long about it."

"What is that brick building across from it?"

"That is the Latin School. Behind the Chapel is Master Lovell's house. We will go here through School Street. Yonder is the Cromwell's Head Tavern. It is a famous place. Have you heard of a young Virginia colonel named George Washington? He was in Boston, a few years ago, and stopped there. So do many of the noted men."

"What meeting-house is that ahead?"

"It is the Old South, a famous spot, and famous,

too, for its political gatherings. When Faneuil Hall overflows, they gather here."

"I know well of the Old South. And that building across must be the Province House?"

"Yes. How they glare at each other in the moonlight!"

"You have a vivid fancy!"

"Yes, I sometimes think that the royal governors may well hear the Old South bell as though it rang the knell of tyranny in America. On the opposite corner lived Anne Hutchinson, great-grandmother to our governor."

"Aye, and I wish they had banished him with her!"

"Poor man, I pity him! I saw him lately walk from his great house in North Square to his family tomb on Copp's Hill. Long he sat before it, looking down at the arms of his family cut deep in the stone; and it seemed to me the poor old man felt that he had little else left on earth, save what was in that grave, and that he fain would lay him there."[1]

[1] The Hutchinson tomb may still be seen in Copp's Hill burying-ground. Its coat of arms is finely chiselled, and the slab upon the top is in a fine state of preservation. Governor Hutchinson died in exile, and

"I never thought to pity him," said John.

"He may be bad enough, though my father contends that he will be remembered as the wisest and most learned of all the governors of the Province. He thinks, too, that his statesmanship in these troublous times is great, but I think him too weak and fickle to be great."

They turned from Marlborough Street, which now became Cornhill, into King Street, and passed the Town House.[1]

was buried in England. His father and grandfather and other members of his family were buried here. To the former, Boston is indebted for its very first school, — a school which ought to bear his name, but which, instead, is named the Eliot School. The Hutchinson name has disappeared from the tomb itself and the relics of the Hutchinsons were long since removed and placed no one knows where. The tomb now bears another name, "T. Lewis." The man whose name is upon the tomb may have come by it innocently enough, and his name is given here only for the purpose of identifying the grave. But if the name of the vandal who rifled the tomb could be known, it would deserve to be published here and everywhere and so be held up to everlasting contempt. Whatever individual did the wrong, the public sentiment of an age that allowed it is not blameless. Spite of all his wrongs and follies, Thomas Hutchinson deserved at least pity, and a share in the honor that belongs to his name. Nor, after all his errors have been conceded, can it be allowed that the severe judgment of his own generation upon him was wholly just.

[1] The old Cornhill was not the present Cornhill, but a part of Washington Street. King Street is now State.

"Across the street yonder," said Prudence, "stood the first meeting-house in Boston, and here," — she stepped a little toward the middle of the street, — "just here occurred the Boston Massacre."

"The Boston Massacre!" cried John. "It fires one's blood to stand here!"

"Just where you stand," said she, "stood Crispus Attucks, the leader, and the first man killed."

"The blood of that night," exclaimed John, "can never be atoned for, save by the freedom of our Commonwealth!"

"I sometimes think so," said Prudence; "but alas, there may be sad times before that comes to pass."

"It makes one feel, to stand here, how cruel and unmotherly is that which we call the mother country," said John.

"It were easy to say that unjustly," said Prudence. "The whole of the mother country must not be blamed for the act of a few mad soldiers."

"No, but the policy that sent them here may be blamed."

"You should talk with my father about that," said Prudence. "He would make a Loyalist of you, or

make you the stronger rebel," she added, with a laugh, "I know not which. See, here is Faneuil Hall."

"Ah, I have heard often of this building," said John. "I may yet go within it."

"Often, I make no doubt, for it is much in use these days. Yonder is the old Sun Tavern, and up yon court the old inn, which, though once or more rebuilt, has been in existence almost from the founding of Boston. Sir Harry Vane entertained there the great chief Miantonomoh and his braves. It has no proper name now, but they are to call it 'The Hancock Tavern.'"

They quickened their steps upon entering Ann Street, and soon were at the door.

"I hope that my father is better," Prudence said.

"I will wait at the door a moment," said John, and see if I can be of any service."

They stopped before a large and fine house, though somewhat less imposing than many that then stood in the court end of Boston. John stood in the little Colonial veranda, while Prudence hastened inside. She came back soon.

"The doctor is within," she said; "we know noth-

ing yet. There is nothing that we can do, and I need not trouble you further. I thank you for your kindness."

"You are most welcome," responded John. "It has been pleasant to me to meet you."

"You must call upon us," said Prudence. "My mother will wish to thank you for your goodness to me to-night, and I hope to know you better, though — "

"Though — ? "

"Though we seem already to know each other very well."

"I shall certainly call soon. And I hope to learn that your father is better. Good night."

"Good night."

CHAPTER V

A LIBERTY TREE MEETING

JOHN turned from the door of Mr. Goodrich with a light heart. He had made a pleasant acquaintance, had been of service to a girl who needed his protection, and had enjoyed a most interesting view of Boston by moonlight. But he must hasten home, if he expected to be up at five o'clock. He walked rapidly along Marlborough Street into Orange, and straight down the main thoroughfare toward the Neck. He did not turn into Tremont Street, partly because he desired to see a new street, and partly because he wished to pass the gathering for which Prudence had turned aside. As he neared Essex Street, he saw lights and heard voices. A nearer approach brought him into the outskirts of a crowd under the Liberty Tree.

Several lanterns hung from the branches of the Tree, and several more were held by men in the

crowd. By the light of these and the moon, John viewed the company. For the most part, it was composed of apprentices like himself. A few grown men were there; and one was on his feet haranguing a crowd, consisting of perhaps a hundred men and boys.

John moved slowly around this audience, listening meantime to the small, slender, nervous man, with light complexion and freckles, who was addressing the meeting.

"What wait we for?" he asked. "Have we not suffered enough? How much more do we mean to endure? We sit quietly sipping our tea, congratulating ourselves that the threepence a pound is so small, and allow them to impose a tax that involves all the vicious principle of the Stamp Act. Why do we not act as we did eight years ago?"

A shout of approval interrupted the speaker.

"Eight years ago! Aye, eight years ago! And well may we remember the day. For eight years since we have celebrated it with joy, — the twenty-sixth of August. But our interest dies, and within eight years! Yet on that day did we not strike a grand blow for liberty?"

There was a chorus of cheers, and a cry of "Tell us about it!"

"Aye, gladly will I tell of it, for the memory so soon dies out. We met under this tree, on this very spot! We vowed here that the stamps should never be sold. We proceeded to Mackerel Lane, where the contemptible Oliver had erected his stamp office. We tore it into kindling-wood, and gathering it in armfuls, bore it to his house on Fort Hill, burned it before his door, and hung him in effigy to this Liberty Tree. So be it ever to tyrants!"

There was a wild cheer at this.

"What did we next?"

"It should shame you to tell," cried one voice. There was a small disturbance where the voice was heard; a number of men attempting to put out the intruder, but the disturbance ceased and the speaker proceeded.

"Shame me to tell? But I will tell, and that with no shame, but with honest pride that I had a share in it."

"Who is he?" asked John of the boy next to him. John had given up all thought of going on. The lad turned, and by the dim light John recognized Tom Lawson.

"It is Captain Mackintosh," said Tom, "and he is a hero."

"What has he done?" asked John.

"I will tell you later. Listen! He begins again!"

"Men blame us for what we did next," said Mackintosh. "Well, let them blame us! It was I that did it, — aye, me and my chickens!"

"We are the chickens," cried many voices, "and a fine old fighting cock is our Captain!"

"Ah, my chickens," he said, almost tenderly. Then again resuming his fiery harangue: "What we did is what we should do again! They blame us because we forced the house of Tommy Hutchinson! Aye! let them blame us! They blame us that we scattered his papers whereof he made history! We'll make history better than that which flows from his sputtering pen! Aye, and of what account is the history of the past, if we match it not with deeds worthy of our fathers? They left home and friends for liberty's sake, and we — ! We! We count it a sacrifice, if we give up tea! They starved to death for conscience' sake, and we — ! God pity the times in which we live! We sit in our comfortable homes and live in plenty, while the heel of oppression grinds

into our neck! They braved the storms of winter and the fury of devils. We! We see the Redcoats shoot down our men in King Street! We see our commerce go, and our fisheries languish, and our unworthy Governor — "

There was a howl of rage that made it impossible to go on for a full minute.

"Aye, our Governor! God save the mark! Who would have thought eight years ago that the cringing, fleeing, cowardly Tommy Hutchinson would live to be governor of Massachusetts Bay? And we sit idly while he sends his treasonable letters to London! Lads, those letters have been found! They have been sent to Boston! Who found them? Ben Franklin! Who has them? Sam Adams! Aye, and you shall read them! Before a month goes by, you shall see them in print, and see how the craven wretch that sits in yonder Province House has betrayed our liberties!"

The company by this time was little better than a mob. It was a long time before Mackintosh could go on. One or two men whispered to him, and when he proceeded, it was in a calmer tone.

"Lads, I speak with too much intensity. It is

meet that we save our senses for a struggle yet to come. We know not yet what news awaits us, but we know that in the tax on tea is involved all the cursed injustice of the Stamp Act. And we know that perilous times are ahead. The twenty-sixth of August passed this year with little notice. But the fifth of November comes! When that day comes, we shall meet here again. And the North End, which once was our rival, shall now be our ally. We shall know no North End and no South End, but one town, and one Colony, and one federated group of Colonies protesting against the wrong which we suffer at the hands of the British Government!"

They sang a song, a long, doggerel composition, in which Lord North and Governor Hutchinson were spoken of in no pleasant terms, and in which hard words served in lieu of wit. Then the lights went out, and the company scattered in silence.

"I will walk with you to the Common," said Tom; and he and John disappeared together.

"How did you like Captain Mackintosh?" asked Tom.

"An earnest man, but—"

"But what?"

"But an unsafe leader, I was about to say."

"I am not so sure of that. Our safety is in a bold front. No man is more bold than he. When they arrested him —"

"When was that?"

"After the Stamp Riot. He never quailed. He was like a lion at bay. And the officers gave him up without trial because they feared to try him."

"What did they fear?"

"They feared an outbreak of the people; for they knew that Mackintosh would never yield, and the people would support him to the end."

"Do you often meet here?"

"Aye, whenever I can. They hold the meetings at no regular time. A flag upon the pole means that there will be a meeting at night. That signal quickly brings a crowd. Did you notice there was no flag on the pole when you came by this afternoon? Well, one was hung up at sunset, and you saw the crowd."

"Is it often larger?"

"Oh yes, often much larger. It was talk of the Governor's letters that brought us together. They are to be published soon. There will be larger meetings then, both here and at the North End caucus. I go there often. You must go with me sometime.

Where will you go to meeting Sunday? Come to the Old South. I'll be there, and show you to some of the boys. Good night."

"Good night," said John, and turned homeward.

What a day it had been! It did not seem possible that so much had happened since morning when he left Lexington, a homeless boy. His acquaintance with Tom Lawson, which promised an introduction to the boys of Boston; his home with John Crane; his meeting with Paul Revere; his adventure with Prudence; his presence at a Liberty Tree meeting,— and all in one day!

Yes, and the day was not yet over, John remembered with a guilty feeling. He had still to make his way into the house. When he had left, it had been with the thought of going only so far as Orange Street and back; and that, had he been discovered, would have been easy to explain. But this long absence was different. It was late, also. Even as the noisy gate, seemingly determined to betray him, clicked together, the church bells rang out the stroke of twelve. Ah, what excuse could he give for an absence like this? And what if he had spoiled this greatest of all days he had ever known by an act

of inexcusable folly? He remembered the words of Crane, — "I can trust you, I think," — and they smote him to the heart. He felt like a housebreaker as he placed the key in the door. He trembled with a fear that was strange to him as he crossed the living room floor; the stairs creaked beneath him as if he were a criminal; the clock on the stairs, a minute or two behind those of the town, gave a rustling, rasping noise as he passed that almost made him scream in terror, and immediately after began to strike. John actually started to run from it up the stairs, till he remembered that it must be striking twelve. Pale as a ghost, and quivering from head to foot with consciousness of guilt, reproaching himself with all real and imaginary sins of omission and commission, he gained the head of the stairs and started to pass the door of Crane. Another minute and he would be in his own room. "God forgive me this time," he almost sobbed, "and I will never do it again!"

That moment the door opened, and John Crane stood before him in his nightcap, and with a frown which the boy felt, for he could not see it, terrible in the darkness.

"Young man!" he thundered, "I will take those keys!"

CHAPTER VI

A CHEERLESS NIGHT

JOHN FARWELL did not go to bed that night. Once in his room, he flung himself on his knees before the bed and burst into tears. All the fatigue of his long walk; all the anxiety that preceded his coming to Mr. Crane's; all the keen interest of the meeting with Paul Revere; all the gallantry of his adventure with Prudence; all the excitement of the Liberty Tree meeting, — all these found their reaction now in a tumult of self-condemnation, regret, and shame. He had proved untrustworthy, he had disgraced himself in the sight of his new master; he had forfeited his new position and must go back discharged.

Go back? Where should he go? What place was there on land or sea that opened its arms to him? An hour ago he was in the flush of his success, and life never seemed so sweet or inviting; but now it

was only bitterness and shame. He was too much overwrought to frame excuses for himself. His conscience failed to stand by him in that hour when he had no other friend. John Farwell was alone, friendless, homeless, an outcast.

Long he knelt before the bed. His weeping spent itself, and he began, almost unconsciously, to pray. Something of calmness returned to him now, and the memory that he had meant well came to save him from utter dejection; still he was miserable.

Long after midnight he flung himself across the bed, but he could not sleep. An hour or more he tossed from side to side; and when that became unbearable, he rose and sat before the window. The moon was still shining, but the scene had changed; or was it that he saw the vision with different eyes? How cold, how inhospitable, everything looked! How silent the town was! Its thousands of people were all asleep but he; or could it be possible that any one else was awake, and suffering as much?

The thought of suffering brought back the memory of Prudence. He wondered how her father was; dying perhaps. Then he remembered the drowning of his own father, and the death of his mother, and

bowed his head upon his folded arms on the window-sill. He did not weep again. He was past that now. It was his nervousness that had made him cry, and he felt ashamed of it. Yet, at that moment, he would have given his right hand if he could have buried his face in his mother's lap and cried again, and told her all.

Another hour dragged by, — and another, — on wings of lead. A fog came up from the sea that chilled him. He wrapped himself in the bedclothes, and still sat before the window, unable now to see, but straining his eyes in a vain effort to penetrate the fog and the future. He was sure that he did not drop asleep, but something woke him. The bells had rung. Was it five o'clock? The light was breaking through the fog to the eastward. In a minute the clock on the stairs would strike. He waited a long time, and heard the buzzing which preceded the strike. Then he counted, —

"One, — two, — three, — four, — five" — he started for the door, determined at least to hasten down and build the fire; but ere he reached it the clock struck once more.

"Six o'clock!" And added to his disgrace, as

though he had not enough to suffer for already, he had overslept! He had meant to hurry down on the stroke of five, to blow the fire and make it blaze, though he could find but green wood for kindling. Even as he went, the maid, Judy, was heard calling the family to breakfast. As he descended, he met her in the hall.

"Heah, now, you good fur-nuffin' no-'count boy!" she exclaimed as he approached. "What fo' you not on time to git me dem shavin's and build dat fiah? You des like de las' boy, an' you bettah b'liebe Mars Crane ain' goin' hab' no sech no-'count trash round heah!"

Mr. and Mrs. Crane were on the landing above and overheard the scolding which Judy gave John.

"Poor boy," said Mrs. Crane, "he is getting it on every hand!"

"And well he may!" said Crane. "He'll get worse when I talk with him!"

"John, dear," said his wife, "listen to me a minute. The lad has done wrong, I know, but you are angry and will do harm if you talk with him now. Do not do him injustice. He is homeless. Wait till you can talk with him calmly."

"I've little to say to him, and can say it now as well as any time," said he.

"And what will you say?"

"That he may pack his stuff and go."

"Poor boy! he had little to pack. I doubt not it is packed already. But John, dear, do me a favor."

"Mehitabel, you are ever too tender-hearted."

"But, John, you are generally glad when you heed my words. Tell me, dear, are you not?"

"Ah, well, I am too hot sometimes. But what will you have? The breakfast waits."

"Say nothing to the lad this morning, and do not discharge him till you write to Parson Clarke."

"But meantime you will talk with the lad, and coddle and forgive him —"

"No, John, if you will say nothing to him, I will say nothing. But wait a day or two."

"Very well. I am ever the victim of your tender-hearted folly. I'll have a talk with the lad later, and say nothing till I am over my heat. The young wretch! I'd like to wring his neck this minute! Slipping out in the night, and coming back at midnight so sly! I warrant he's a thief!"

"Nay, nay, John! He is no thief."

"Much you know of him!"

"But Parson Clarke—"

"Parsons and women alike are to be heeded but little in matters of this sort. However, I will obey you this time, though you did promise to honor and obey me. But the breakfast grows cold. Come."

John washed his pale face and swollen eyes outside the kitchen door, and stole guiltily in to breakfast. John Crane and his wife were already seated. Crane did not speak to him, and Mrs. Crane merely pointed to his chair at the foot of the table. Crane helped John to bacon and eggs, and Judy poured him a cup of raspberry-leaf tea. The meal proceeded in silence. Truly was it a relief when the baby awoke crying upstairs.

"Bring her to me, Judy," said Mrs. Crane; and Judy went upstairs and brought her.

John, choking himself on a few bites of breakfast, felt more and more uncomfortable every minute. The baby fretted, and Crane, already in no pleasant mood, grew more irritated. Mrs. Crane pushed back from the table, and began to rock the little one in her arms.

"Oh, please let me take her, Mistress Crane," said John, rising, "and do you finish your breakfast."

"No, no," said she, gently; "eat your breakfast, lad."

"I want no breakfast! Indeed, I am not hungry! Let me take the baby. I can care for her. You shall see!"

Mrs. Crane started to hand him the baby, but Crane growled a surly "Sit down!"

Mrs. Crane held back the little one, and John resumed his seat, but could not eat another bite.

After breakfast they started to the shop. John could bear this no longer.

"Oh, Mr. Crane," he cried, "I have done wrong, but let me—"

"Speak when you're spoken to!" said Crane, savagely, and John's determination to make a clean breast of the matter was cut short.

"Here, Bolter," said Crane, addressing his foreman, "take this lad and see what you can make of him, and mind you make him work."

The foreman, Thomas Bolter, gave John a broom, and said, "Come, lad, sweep this floor while I set these men to work."

John, glad enough to rest his mind by employing his hands, set himself to work with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER VII

RUNNING THE GANTLET

JOHN remembered his first week in Crane's shop as a kind of nightmare. Crane was gone much of the time; sometimes attending to work on several houses which he was nervously anxious to finish before winter; sometimes going out with patriotic leaders to attend to mysterious business. He had ever a pleasant word for the Bradlees and Lorings, his neighbors across the street, people as interested as he in public affairs. He never spoke harshly to his wife or children, though he was an exacting man in his shop, driving his work with a fury which Bolter, his foreman, readily copied after him.

To John he showed a sullen aversion — an unnatural thing in him. By nature he was quick of temper, and soon over it. Could he have scolded John roundly on the first morning, heard his explanation and vented his ill-humor, he would likely have for-

given John, laughed with him over his escapade, warned him against a repetition, and liked him the better for it. But he was called away soon after breakfast on the first day, and came home tired at night. He was still under his promise to Mehitabel, and too angry to hear John with patience, so he vented the anger which he could not exhibit in bitter speech in an unkind neglect that now and then broke into abuse over some trivial matter, but made no allusion to the affair which had provoked his ill-will.

Mrs. Crane spoke little to John. Her quiet kindness was the one bright spot in the memory of those days. Even Judy delighted in a petty but relentless persecution of the unfortunate lad.

In the shop it was understood in some way that John was under a ban. He suffered from his fellow-workmen, both from the jealousy of the other apprentices, — for his being domiciled in the master's house presumably showed him to be a favorite, — and also from the very opposite feeling that as he had gained the master's ill-will, he deserved the same treatment from the entire shop.

It was hard for John to do well under these circumstances. He began as all boys do, somewhat

bunglingly, but more so for being ill at ease. Bolter declared him to be the most stupid apprentice that had ever entered the shop. Sam Fenno, a skilled journeyman, spoke little, but showed that he disliked him; and one day when John sawed into a nail, broke his accustomed silence and abused him.

Every apprentice in that day had to run a gantlet of ill-treatment from his companions. Under other circumstances John could have borne it. But bearing as he was a burden already too great for him, each petty slight or jest at his unskilled attempts to become a carpenter went straight to his heart; such jests for the most part as greet every 'prentice boy, and whose cruelty consists in the enjoyment of their cutting powers. From his mother he had inherited a sensitive nature, and his sufferings were almost unbearable.

There was one thing, however, which gave John some satisfaction. It was a little thing, but he felt as though it gave him a partial opportunity to redeem himself. That was the kitchen fire. Each night before the shop closed he brought out a basket of shavings and chips from the hewing-block, and placed them in a corner of the kitchen, for he knew

that the keys would not be trusted to him. And each morning at the stroke of five he was out of bed, and, making his way to the kitchen, quickly made the fire, and then sat before it reading the *Gazette*, or Mayhew's "Thanksgiving Sermon," or Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom," by its light till Judy came down.

When he offered to help Judy, she accepted his assistance with feigned scorn, and many contemptuous declarations of his being more bother than he was worth.

John rapidly fell in his own esteem. He came to count himself of little value. His courage seemed to ooze out of him and he gave over all thought of explaining to Crane. He took Judy's scoldings with a sheepish assurance that, for some reason, he deserved them, and he did his work in the shop with a sulky feeling that his hand was against every man.

Once he broke a small chisel, and when Bolter came at him almost savagely, the worm within him turned, and he answered Bolter so hotly and defiantly that Bolter accused him of breaking the chisel intentionally. This outbreak of temper was followed by a deeper sullenness, and while John saw that his

companions rejoiced that his impudence had taken Bolter aback, yet they as well as Bolter hated him the more for it. It revealed, they thought, an ugly temper in addition to all his other faults.

Work stopped a little earlier on Thursday that the men might attend the weekly lecture. Poor John embraced the opportunity to get out of sight, and walked far over the Neck into Rocksbury. He had looked forward to this day as one when he might run about Boston and see the town. Now the day had come, but, alas! bringing him but one desire, which was to bury himself from human sight.

On Sunday John went to the Old South Meeting-house. Mr. Bacon delivered the sermon. The service embraced a public reading of the Scriptures, a thing relatively new, then, in their religious services, though the Old South had observed the custom for several years, and the Brattle Street Church for a longer time.

At the close of the service John met Tom Lawson, who introduced him to a group of boys from the Latin School, — Will Sewall, Job Morris, and George Cook.

There was a second service in the afternoon. After that John walked with Tom Lawson and Will Sewall

upon the Common, where they pointed out to him the Old Elm upon which Ann Hibbins had been hanged; the Powder House; the Parade Ground; and the Frog Pond. John's interest in life revived somewhat. He began to plan amusements with the other boys that should occupy the spare time after the Thursday lectures, for then they would have liberty in many things forbidden by the Sabbath customs.

John walked back with his companions to the meeting-house, and parted from them there. They were royal fellows, both of them. Will Sewall was a great Latin scholar, — one of Master Lovell's favorites, — but unlike his master, far from being a Tory. Indeed, John had met no Tories among the boys except Job Morris. As for Tom, he was irrepressible. He knew all that was known or talked about in the printing-office, and that was much, and was patriotic to the point of constant danger of explosion.

Having parted from his companions, he strolled for a time about the Common. It was still well out of town, and apparently larger than the town could ever use. It was mostly a bleak and unimproved place. The side toward Common Street,[1] however, and the

[1] Now part of Tremont.

end toward Sentry,[1] showed that they were much used. John walked entirely around the Common, and then started diagonally across it toward home, for it was nearing supper time. Walking slowly along, — for his feet began to drag as he turned homeward, — he was surprised to hear his name called, and looking up met Prudence Goodrich.

"How unkind of you to pass us without speaking! Now you need not pretend that you did not see us, for I saw you, and why should you not have seen us? I want you to meet my mother. Mother, this is John Farwell, who was so good to me."

John turned and met a well-dressed lady, who extended her hand.

"I thank you for being kind to Prudence," she said. "I did not realize, when I let her go, how much she might need such help as yours."

"I was most glad to help her," said John; "it was a lonely time for her to be out alone."

"I blame myself for letting her go," said Mrs. Goodrich; "I was confused and troubled by my husband's sudden sickness, and let her go for help when I should have thought to restrain her."

[1] Now Beacon.

"It was a pleasure to be of service to her," said John. "I hope that Mr. Goodrich is better!"

"Much better, thank you. We are out for a breath of air, for we have had to be with him almost constantly, but we hope that he will soon be well again," Mrs. Goodrich informed him.

"I am glad that he improves."

"You do not forget that you are to call and see us?" asked Prudence.

"Yes, Master John," Mrs. Goodrich assented, "we shall be glad to see you, when —"

"When Mr. Goodrich is better, and you are less wearied," tactfully answered John; "I will gladly come. Good afternoon."

John continued on his way home in a more cheerful frame of mind, though he remembered that his adventure with Prudence was the occasion of all his misfortunes, and that he had paid and was paying dearly for his acquaintance with the Goodrich family. Yet it could not be denied that he felt more than compensated.

CHAPTER VIII

THE HERO OF THE FIRE

MONDAY morning brought back the weary round of the week's work. John faced it again with little heart. The Sabbath had wrought a measure of good in John Crane. It was not in his nature to hold malice, and violent as he could be in rage, he was glad to be merry again. On the Sunday evening previous he sat by his fire, chatting with David and Nathaniel Bradlee, two of the four brothers who lived across the street, and trotting the baby on his knee. He had even been civil to John, though before retiring, he called to Judy to lock the door and bring him the keys, which, as heretofore, he somewhat ostentatiously carried to his own room. John saw the act as he had seen it every night, and it brought back his humiliation. However much Crane might relent toward him, it was evident that he would give him no chance to explain, and that he barely tolerated, and did not trust, him.

Monday forenoon went no better than the week before. John had learned to saw to a line, and did his work with great care. Bolter, who could not find fault with him now for bad work, scolded him for being slow, and John felt the sullen, bitter feeling returning.

The noon hour came, and the men stopped for dinner. Crane had discovered a defect in the work of his men on one of the houses, and was in ill-temper again. John, growing nervous at the table, spilled the gravy which Crane was handing him. Mortified, and almost heedless of Crane's angry word, he ran from the table and back to the shop.

Halfway between the house and shop John paused. There was smoke across the street, and men were running.

"Fire" was the word John heard. He turned back to the house.

"Mr. Bradlee's house is on fire!"[1] he cried.

The alarm was soon given. Bells were rung and men came hurrying from dinner. Crane's ladders were all at the houses he was building, and there

[1] The Bradlee house, a fine Colonial structure, standing at the corner of Tremont and Hollis streets, stood until the autumn of 1898, when it was sacrificed to the growth of business and torn down.

were no others near. When the crowd gathered, fire was bursting from the roof of the kitchen.

John seized a bucket of water, and Crane another. Men were running from every direction, some bringing buckets, some pans, and from a distance came two with a ladder.

"Form in line, here!" cried Crane; "two lines: one to Dr. Byles' well, and one to mine! Here, Gammel! Fenno! Draw the water here! And you, Bolter, see to the drawing at the other well! Now, fill the buckets and be passing them against they get the ladder! Here, you fools! Why stand you there staring? Help those men with the ladder yonder! Now, up! who will climb it?"

Several venturesome men started up the ladder, one with more dash than courage or persistency reached the top, paused, and throwing his bucket of water up the roof, reached for another and another.

Crane, the recognized leader, was at the well attending to the water supply, when looking about he saw that the line ended with the roof, and the man at the top of the ladder throwing water in useless bucketfuls upon it.

"Come down from there, you fool!" cried Crane, "and send up a man who can climb!"

The cheap hero of the first attack came down, glorying in his prominence, and too stupid to know that he had done harm in allowing the fire time to make greater headway.

Another man ran up the ladder, and attempted to scramble up the roof, but the lower section of the roof was steep, and had been made very slippery by the water thrown upon it. The man lost his footing, slipped, and fell to the ground, where men caught and saved him from a worse fate than a wrenched wrist and severe bruises, gained in trying to save himself.

There was an instinctive falling back from the foot of the ladder. For a quarter of a minute no one spoke. Even Crane's commands failed him; and no one seemed to think what might next be done. Then from the line there ran a lad with a bucket of water in his hand. Quickly he mounted the ladder, and hooking the bucket to the top rung, steadied himself, while he tore off a handful of shingles; then a little farther up he tore off another; unhooking his bucket he carefully climbed, with his toes between the bared roof-boards, and in half a minute was on the ridge.

There was a cheer from the ground as the crowd witnessed the brave act, and then a dozen men ran up the ladder, some of them standing upon it, some of them in the footholds on the roof, and, completing the line from well to ridge, they passed up the buckets.

There are some moments in our lives when the soul rises to a consciousness of its real powers; when, in possession of every faculty, and with a calm confidence, we feel ourselves equal to the situation. These are the moments afterward remembered as those in which we stood in the presence of our real selves. That was such a moment in the life of John Farwell. In all the eventful years that came to him, he never forgot that moment, when, exhilarated but also calmed by the cheers of the crowd below, he straightened himself upon the ridge-pole, and poured his first bucket of water between his feet.

There was an angry hiss. The flames died down for a moment, and then burst forth to meet his second bucket. Another bucket, and John had a safe place to stand, and then to the right and left he subdued the flames at the peak.

"An axe!" he cried.

The axe was handed him, and he chopped through the shingles, and then poured bucket after bucket into the attic. Again he stopped and cut a larger hole, and then a man went in, and the water was handed to him. The window in the gable was burst out, the ladder shifted to it, and in ten minutes the fire was under control, and John Farwell came down the ladder.

The Bradlees gathered about John and thanked him. The crowd was asking who he was, and praising him for his courage and quick thought. His name was passed from mouth to mouth, and John escaped from the persecution of hero worship almost as gladly as on Thursday he had escaped from that of disfavor.

He had burned his shirt sleeve badly, and his arm a little, in his first reaching the ridge. He had to change his clothes, and have his arm bound up, though he protested against the latter attention as needless. But Mrs. Crane insisted, and was minded to have John make the most of his heroism and the credit he got for it. She praised him to his face, and before that of her husband, and Crane warmly seconded her words of approval of John's courage.

"Though," he said, "any one might have done it if he had only thought."

"Aye," said Mrs. Crane, "and the best deed is that which is born of thought. The world goes often to the bad for lack of a man who can both think and do."

Crane said no more. But John could see that he had risen in his master's favor.

"You need not go to work again, lad," he said, kindly. "Your burn will be the better for a rest till morning, and the *Gazette* will soon be here."

So John sat on the steps that afternoon and read to his master from the *Gazette*, and was happy. Yes, happy, though there lurked one drop of bitterness in his cup. For that night, when Judy had locked up, she brought the keys to Crane, who received them, hesitated, and then, as before, took them to his own room.

CHAPTER IX

THE TORY PARSON

Four weeks had passed since John Farwell came to Boston. They were busy weeks, and, after the first, not unpleasant ones. There was no more persecution in the shop. The men had come to respect John. There were jokes over his mistakes, but John was now in a position to take a joke at its true value and to return it. There was no longer a sting in the jokes, and John ceased to fear the scolding of Bolter or the reticent scorn of Fenno.

Crane was busy, — so busy that John sometimes thought that it was because he had forgotten that he still kept the keys, and not that Crane did not mean to trust him with them again. Certainly he ceased to treat John with aversion, and the only time in the day when John felt constrained in his presence was at night when Judy brought in the keys. He had come to hate this scene with a hatred that was

almost morbid, and at length began to go to bed before the family broke up, that he might not be there when Judy brought the keys into the kitchen before her own retirement.

There were occasional pleasant gatherings at the Cranes' in the evenings. The Bradlees and the Loverings were often in, and sometimes men of note. During such evenings John sat listening to the conversations and sometimes shared them. At least one night a week Crane spent at the Green Dragon, where he met with the Sons of Liberty. There were other meetings from time to time, but most of his evenings were spent before his own fire.

John divided his work between the shop and houses under construction, but Monday afternoon Crane had him at the shop, and contrived to call him when the *Gazette* appeared.

Late in October came alarming reports of the British Government's intentions concerning a shipment of tea. Just what was to be done no one knew, but there was expectation of something important and perhaps decisive.

One Monday afternoon Crane sat on his doorstep waiting for the paper, when a voice clear and full addressed him from the next yard: —

"Good morrow, Master Crane."

Crane looked up with an air of annoyance, but answered courteously:—

"Good morrow, Dr. Byles."

"I hear that our good Sovereign invites you to take a cup of tea with him," said the minister, who was a well-known Tory and an inveterate wit.

"He shall not pour it down our throats," retorted Crane.

"Nay, be not rash. Sweeten thy cup and pour in a drop of the milk of human kindness. Think how gracious is our Sovereign!"

"Zounds, man!" exclaimed Crane. "Do you forget that we are well-nigh furious, that you goad me thus with your fun-making? We suffer great wrongs, and they shall be redressed."

Just then a small band of Redcoats coming from Rocksbury passed through Hollis Street, clambering to the sides to avoid the mud, turned into Tremont, and proceeded toward the Common for drill. Dr. Byles' two daughters came to the door and waved their handkerchiefs at the soldiers. Both men stopped a moment till they had marched by. Then, replying to Crane's last remark, the punning parson said:—

"You see your wrongs are about to be red-dressed."

"You had a double 'd' in that word, I noticed, Dr. Byles," said Mr. Crane, his annoyance relaxing in a smile.

"Oh, I have been entitled to the use of the double 'D' these eight years," said Byles.

It was hard to maintain a feeling of annoyance toward a man of such imperturbable good-humor, and Crane laughed at the turn of the joke from the soldiers' to Dr. Byles' own title; for Doctors of Divinity were rare in those days, and Dr. Byles' title, of which he was proud, had come to him from across the water as a just tribute to his learning and versatility.

John had a good look at the famous old Tory. He was an imposing figure, of venerable mien, aged almost seventy, and wore an enormous wig.

Dr. Byles seemed to John a most interesting man. He had seen him at a distance several times, and also his two daughters, Katy and Polly. This was his first opportunity to hear him talk. John had been told that the old Doctor was genial, and not at all the forbidding character a patriot boy would, in his imagination, naturally attach to a Loyalist. To John it seemed that principles like those of Byles should

have made him a different man, and he was just wishing that he could ask him some questions, when Mr. Crane saved him the trouble.

"Dr. Byles," said he, "you seem to me a strange contradiction."

"I? I never contradict any one if I can help it."

"Except yourself."

"I have little occasion to contradict myself, since my opinions, however unpopular with others, are quite satisfactory to myself."

"Perhaps, then, you seem to yourself consistent?"

"And why not to you, also?"

"Dr. Byles, you are an inveterate wit, yet your sermons are always solemn. You are democratic in your religion, and monarchical in your politics. You are an implacable Tory, yet you never preach your politics."

"And why do I never preach my politics?"

"I do not know, unless you are ashamed of them."

"I should be ashamed of politics like yours."

"Why, then, do you not preach your own, as do the patriot ministers?"

"I am a patriot."

"Call it what you like, Dr. Byles, but give your reasons."

"Perhaps I don't choose to give them."

"Oh, well, I shall simply think you have none."

"Mr. Crane, I have thrown up four breastworks, behind which I have entrenched myself, — neither of which can be forced."

"I do not understand you."

"I have four good reasons for not preaching politics."

"I can give ten for not preaching such politics as yours; nevertheless, let me hear your four."

"In the first place, I do not understand politics."

"That is a good reason; I believe you. What is the next?"

"In the next place," said Byles, with sarcastic emphasis, "*you do understand them*, — every man and mother's son of you."

Crane laughed in spite of himself. "You mean — ?" he said.

"I mean what I say. You town-meeting ranters and Liberty Tree patriots all think you know more than has ever been known from the foundation of the earth; why should you want instruction from the ministers, or from any one? 'No doubt ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you.'"

"That is enough under that head," laughed Crane. "Give us your 'Thirdly.'"

"In the third place, you have politics all the week; pray let us devote one day out of seven to religion."

"But what if religion and politics — " asked Crane.

"Hear my fourth reason, which is, that I am engaged in a work of infinitely greater importance than politics. Give me any truth to preach upon of greater importance than the message I bring, and I will preach upon it next Sabbath."

Crane was silent. John Farwell stood admiring the eloquent old man whose wit and wisdom seemed equal.

At this moment Tom Lawson entered the yard, bringing the still damp copy of the *Gazette*.

"Here, youngster," said Crane, "I want that paper. Let me have it at once."

Crane took the paper, and his eye fell upon an advertisement. "'Governor Hutchinson's Letters.' So!" said he, "they are published, then. Here, you young printer! Next time you come this way, bring me a copy of Hutchinson's Letters; do you hear?"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Tom.

"So your thieving printers are about to publish their theft, are they?" asked Byles.

"They are publishing to the world the duplicity of our Governor," replied Crane. "He and stamp-officer

Oliver are exactly what John Adams calls them, 'Cool, thinking, deliberate villains'; malicious and vindictive, as well as avaricious. Dr. Cooper does well to denounce him from his pulpit in Brattle Street, preaching from the text about 'the Old Serpent, which deceiveth the whole world, but was cast out into the earth, and his angels after him.'"

"Ah well, if you like that kind of preaching."

"I do," said Crane.

"I have heard much of these letters, which ever since June you fellows have been secretly passing about. How came they in your hands?"

"Ben Franklin got them in England, where Hutchinson had sent them."

"How did Franklin get them?"

"I know not, but I know that we should never have had them had we trusted the Governor. When the House of Representatives asked him about them, he refused to give copies under pretence of sending for the originals. By the very next ship he wrote to his confidential friend in London, 'I have wrote what ought not to be made publick,' and charged him to destroy what would make trouble. But we have them all, and there will be a pretty kettle of

fish now that the town knows, as it will know, what he has said."

"And what has he said?"

"He has advised that the commerce of Boston be restrained; he has proposed that we be cut off from the fisheries; he has tried to take away the charter from Rhode Island; he has urged that what he calls 'the supremacy of Parliament' be maintained by making the denial of it a capital offence; he has hinted that it might be well to abrogate among us the liberty belonging to British subjects, and to proclaim martial law."

"All this?"

"Aye, and much more! He has endeavored to make the courts dependent upon Parliament, that even the last appeal of justice may be suborned to our enslavement."

"And you think these letters show all this?"

"Aye, for I have read them, every one, at the Green Dragon, or heard them read, and you shall have the reading of my copy."

"There are perilous times ahead, I fear," said Byles, seriously enough now. "Have a care, man, what you do next. The public mind is like a powder-maga-

zine, and this is like to be a match. What says yon paper?"

"It has already spoken of this, for the editors have known for weeks the contents of the letters. Aye, and Hutchinson knows they know. How he must have trembled when he read, a fortnight since, their letter to him!"

"What was it? I do not read the *Gazette*."

"More's the pity. But you shall see what was said in the letter already published. Come in and read it."

Dr. Byles crossed the yard, and entered the door. He took the paper which John quickly brought to him, and started to read.

"It grows dark," said he. "Lad, your eyes are younger than mine. Read this to me."

John took the paper, and read the passage which John Crane had marked with his carpenter's pencil: —

"Remember that you have not transacted one single thing for the benefit of your Province, but, on the contrary, have taken every possible means of widening the breach between the Colonies and the Parent State. But thank heaven! you have spun your web, and have fallen into the very pit you wanted to avoid. May this be the constant fate of all bad men!

"A Friend to the Country."

"That is strange talk to be addressed to the Governor of the Province," said Byles, "and more than half-false. Thomas Hutchinson loves this Province, and this town, and would give his life for them."

"He is a traitor!" said Crane, "and now he would force his detestable tea upon us!"

"What about the tea? Does the newspaper say anything?"

"Yes, here is another letter to the Governor, and it is about the tea. Here, John, read to us."

From a long letter addressed to the Governor, signed "Prædicus," John read: —

"Had we treated the extorters of this slavish tribute on their first entrance into America in the same just and spirited manner as we did the execrable Stamp-masters, we should not be at this day waiting the issue of petition at the court of Great Britain. Perhaps it is not yet too late to free ourselves from popes, devils, and locusts. The fifth of November has been for two centuries celebrated in commemoration of such deliverances."

"That is outrageous!" said Byles. "It incites the mob to more acts of violence such as have already disgraced it. Is not the fifth of November sufficiently dangerous with the rabble let loose as it ever is?

Must they be incited to violence? And as for this man, Hutchinson, has he not suffered enough? And why should he suffer at all? Have you no gratitude? Think what he had done, man! He saved the credit of this Colony. That we are rich to-day and not groaning under a debt is due to his wisdom. And he loves this land. His ancestors lived and died here. He writes the pages of its history with a love that is veneration. And how have you treated him? How does this paper ask that he be treated now? Repeat the Stamp Riot? Think how the mob broke into his house, scattered his precious papers, drank his wine, of which they had had too much already, and inflicted upon the town an everlasting disgrace, and upon posterity an irreparable loss!"

"Yes; but think of their provocation!"

"Provocation there has been, I know, though none to justify such deeds. Remember your mob the fifth of March!"

"Be careful how you speak of the Massacre!" cried Crane.

"I am careful; I say it was no massacre, but a mob, led by a brutal, dirty slave. They goaded the soldiers till endurance became a thing impossible."

"Do you justify that murder?"

"Justify it? No, indeed. The officers disavowed it. But the men had strong provocation. It was a case where soldiers were placed where they ought not to have been, face to face with a drunken, noisy rabble. There was certain to be trouble. Both were wrong, the mob more so than the poor soldiers, pestered almost to death, and taunted with the word that they dared not fire."

"But the principle, man —"

"Yes, the principle! But first the people. Who are they? I stood at the foot of School Street and saw the funeral procession of Crispus Attucks, that half-Indian, half-negro, and altogether rowdy, who should have been strangled long before he was born. Who made up that procession? There were three thousand in it, and a rum lot they were. They were the scum of Boston, and you know it."

"Dr. Byles, when an injured people rise to protest against tyranny, we must expect that some —"

"Aye, aye! I know what you are about to say. As for tyranny, it is King George or King Mob! They call me a brainless Tory, but I would rather be ruled by one tyrant three thousand miles away, than

by three thousand tyrants such as followed yon miserable half-breed, and they not a mile away. It is time for me to sup. I see Polly at the door looking for me. I must go. Ah, it begins to rain, and the mud in this street will be deeper than ever. It is impossible now for a carriage to get through. Yonder comes a chaise now. I believe it is two of the Selectmen. Yes, here come two of our local tyrants. I have long asked them to repair this road and make it passable. I wish them joy of their own journey through it! For every foot a man goes ahead, he sinks two. Eh, lad, if that continues, how many feet of mud must yonder Selectmen pass down through in going from here to the Town House? Think you a mile and a quarter? A very proper depth for such inefficient officers to seek their burial!"

The Doctor moved slowly toward the fence, timing his movements so as to meet the chaise. As it came nearer, it labored heavily and sank more deeply in the mud. The horse struggled and finally came to a stop in mud that covered its knees and the hubs of the carriage. The Selectmen plied the whip to no avail, and finally in disgust were compelled to dismount in the mud.

This was an opportunity the Parson could regard as nothing less than providential.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "I have complained several times about the condition of this street, and thought you slow in attending to it. I am glad now to see you stirring in the matter!"

With this shot the Tory parson entered his house, leaving to the Selectmen the disagreeable rescue of their horse and chaise, while Crane and John Farwell laughed heartily at the Doctor's sally.

CHAPTER X

ALL-HALLOWE'EN

THE last week in October was a happy one for John Farwell. He was in manifest favor in the shop and evidently growing in the esteem of his employer. Crane, however, spent little of the time at his work, and was out almost every evening. There were caucuses and secret meetings. The weather was growing chilly, and there was need for secrecy, so the Liberty Tree was not the scene of the frequent gatherings, concerning which John knew more or less indirectly. There were rumors of important action at the North End; there were reports brought by Tom Lawson of gatherings in the long room back of the printing-office; there was a general feeling of expectancy, and among the young people a buzz of excitement over two approaching events which greatly interested the young folk of that day, — Hallowe'en and Guy Fawkes Day.

One afternoon a little note was handed John, which he turned over and over before opening. He read it with unfeigned satisfaction. It was an invitation from Mrs. Goodrich to celebrate Hallowe'en with others at her home. A number of Prudence's friends would be there, Mrs. Goodrich said, and she would be happy to have John meet them. Mr. Goodrich had sufficiently recovered to permit the celebration.

John could hardly wait for the day to come. This was to be his real introduction to the society of Boston. How should he act? How should he dress? Were his clothes good enough? Had his training been sufficiently gentle to fit him for a splendid gathering such as this would be? John tried to picture to himself what the party would be like, whom he would meet, and to supply in advance every detail. He thought of his probable companions there. Tom Lawson would be there, perhaps some of the Latin School lads whom he had also met; a few of the other apprentices, no doubt; and Prudence, ah, yes! It was to her that John returned each time in his thoughts.

All-hallowe'en fell that year on a Sunday, and the party in question would be held on Monday night.

At the close of the morning service in the Old South Meeting-house, John learned from Tom Lawson that he also was invited, and so were Will Sewall and Job Morris. They would have a jolly time, Tom assured him, and the fun would not end when the party was done.

John approached Mr. Crane with some hesitation, and asked permission to attend. Somewhat to his surprise Mr. Crane freely gave him permission to be out for the evening, saying that he supposed a certain amount of folly must be conceded to young people on that night. He added some words of mild invective against the degenerate customs of the time as compared with those of his own boyhood, but almost immediately dropped into reminiscences of his own celebrations, which seemed in no wise less jolly than anything which John thought likely to occur at the Goodrichs'. On the whole, John counted Crane's admonition to keep out of mischief more in the light of discharging a duty to the rising generation than as indicating any essential improvement in social customs since his own youth. Indeed, if the whole truth were known, it would probably appear that, while each successive generation of parents since Colonial times

has warned the next generation against the foolish and mischievous customs of childhood, which have ever seemed to them far worse than anything indulged in during their youth, the standard of good taste and morality has steadily risen, and each generation has tended to outgrow some of the less praiseworthy customs and the more boisterous festivities of its fathers, while adopting others a little more intelligent and a little less open to criticism on the score of coarseness and vulgarity.

Even such games as were played in a gathering like that to which John was going, some of which were a little too free and boisterous for modern taste, were less open to criticism than those of an earlier New England generation.

Monday came at last, and the day seemed a long one to John. It was hard to keep from counting the hours until noon, and then from noon until six o'clock, as the bell struck them off. Crane had been in the shop but little these recent days, and several nights he had been out late. He was gone most of the day Monday, but came into the shop toward the close of the afternoon and called John out. "Go to the house and wash you, lad," said he. "The paper

will be coming soon, and I will have you read a bit from it before you go off on your tomfoolery."

John quickly washed himself, and made ready for the coming of the paper. It was later than usual, and Crane fretted a little before Tom Lawson came to the gate.

"You're late to-day, lad," said John Crane.

"Yes, sir; the paper was delayed by some extra printing that came to the office to-day."

"And what may that have been?" asked Crane.

"I am not supposed to know, being only a printer's devil," replied the boy, with a grin.

"Not supposed to know, but you do, I warrant," said Crane. "The time in which we are living now has come to be such that lads know well-nigh everything they better not, and learn precious little of what should concern them. But tell me, had your printing anything to do with the tea?"

"I think it likely, sir; but you must ask Edes & Gill."

"Are they like to hold the meeting?" asked Crane.

"You should know more about it than I," said Tom. "Have you heard about the North End Caucus?"

"No one is supposed to know what the North End

Caucus does — least of all a lad like you. What have you heard about it?"

"Only this, that on Saturday night, a week ago, the men of the North End met together, first swearing on the Bible that they would stand together, then voting to oppose with their lives and fortunes the vending of tea in Boston."

"Aye, aye, that is well enough," said Crane. "The North Enders have ever been ready with large talk, but when it comes to action the South End will not be behind."

"There will be something going on at the South End ere long," said Tom. "I have an errand to-night, after the party; do you mind if John goes with me?"

"He is his own master for the night," said Crane, turning to John; "but you lads best have a care what sort of mischief you get into. What will you be doing, celebrating Hallowe'en? It is of the Lord's mercies that now and then Hallowe'en falls on a Sunday, and puts a stop to some of the mischief of you youngsters. Still, this is the lads' night, I suppose, and if you will be up to some mischief, let it be as innocent as may be."

"Will you go with me, John?" asked Tom. "We have fun enough on hand, but it is more than fun."

"Indeed I will," said John; and they agreed to meet at the Goodrich party and go on together.

For the first time the reading of the paper seemed to John a trifle wearisome. He was glad when the supper bell rang. Supper was soon over, and John had dressed himself in his best attire and started for the party.

It was a gay evening, sure enough. Mrs. Goodrich proved a charming hostess, and Prudence was happy and hospitable. Mr. Goodrich appeared to welcome the young people, discussed politics for a little time with Job Morris, who fully agreed with his critcisms of Hancock and Adams, his praise of Governor Hutchinson and the King, and then excused himself, saying that he would see the young folks again before the evening was over.

Then followed the games. London Bridge fell down and was rebuilt, the Needle's Eye found its supply of thread as it had done for generations, and the handkerchief was dropped and found and its owner caught after the manner of young people for centuries.

John had little chance for conversation with Prudence, but her greeting was warm, and John could

THEN FOLLOWED THE GAMES.

not fail to notice that both she and her mother appeared anxious and displeased when Mr. Goodrich and Job Morris talked of the tea tax and the policy of the Governor. John recalled this with pleasure a little later when the tub of water was brought in for the apple bobbing, and Job sprang to assist Prudence with the platter of apples. Job was officiously attentive to Prudence, and Prudence, so it seemed to John, cared little for his attentions. Certainly at this time she appeared to care little for them; for, quite ignoring Job, she offered the platter to John, asking, —

"Will you take the apples, please?"

Job could not tell whether she had noticed him, though he turned back in some confusion, but John judged from her conduct that this was not the first of Job's gallantries, and that Prudence liked neither him nor his politics.

Then came the bobbing. The apples were all afloat upon the water, and one after another picked them up with the teeth, or tried to do so, though sometimes it was necessary to follow the elusive prize to the very bottom of the tub and bring it up with a streaming face as the penalty.

Then there was corn-popping, and there were

riddles, and games of forfeit with the spinning platter and the pawn held over the blinded head, and so the evening wore happily away.

"I wonder if any of you young people know what Hallowe'en really means," asked Mrs. Goodrich, when they rested from the games.

"It is the evening of All Saints' Day," said John.

"They had so many saints in the olden times," suggested Tom, "that there were not days enough in the year to go round, and they bunched the lot of them that were left over into the first of November."

"That is very nearly true," said Mrs. Goodrich. "When the old heathen Pantheon in Rome was dedicated as a Christian church in the year 610, the place where all the gods had been worshipped became a church for the veneration of all martyrs."

"Was that November first?" asked Prudence.

"No, it was March thirteenth, and at first, All-Saints' Day was set for May first, but in the ninth century was fixed for November first. The heathen nations of the North had great quarterly celebrations beginning February first, and the Early Church adopted the time and some of the customs of these festivals."

"Well, young folk, have you had a merry time?" asked Mr. Goodrich, entering the room as the clock struck ten.

"A very merry time, thank you, sir," they answered, almost together.

"Very well, it will soon be time for you to be going, and now before you go, we will drink a tea together."

"Oh, father," said Prudence, "please don't!"

"Don't? Why not?" he continued, with mock cheerfulness; "I am sure they all like tea!"

"I am afraid not all of them," said Prudence.

"My dear," said Mrs. Goodrich, "I don't believe I would. They will be going home soon, and tea will only keep them awake!"

"Aha, is that your only reason? and do young folk want to be particularly sleepy on Hallowe'en? Nay, nay, the young rascals will not be in bed for a couple of hours yet, I ween. Moreover, I have a mind to test their loyalty to our Sovereign Lord, King George III. Come, Chloe," he called to the kitchen, "bring us that tea!"

The black woman entered with the steaming tea-pot, and behind her came another tray, laden with cups and saucers, sugar and cream.

Mrs. Goodrich looked troubled, Prudence was flushing red with anger and shame; John Farwell and Tom Lawson looked at each other in inquiry, and each one met the other's determined look.

A silence fell upon the company, at last broken by Job Morris. "A right good idea," he said. "No better could be thought of. Fill the cups, Chloe. We will pledge ourselves together, and drink the health of Lord North, and destruction to all traitors."

"Here, Prudence," said her father, "pass these cups about."

"I —— I'd rather not, father," Prudence stammered; "let those who like come and take it for themselves."

"I will pass it," said Job Morris, and one or two others stepped forward with him.

"Prudence," said her father, sternly; "do as I tell you. Take this cup and pass it."

His tone was stern and his look was dark and threatening; his face, sallow and pale from his recent illness, had something startling in it now.

Prudence thought a moment, and then, remembering a daughter's duty to obey, took the cup with downcast look and held it hesitatingly.

"Pass it," said her father. "Pass it to the young

man who went with you for the nurse. Here, Master Farwell, drink you to the health of King George."

"I will drink to the health of King George," John hesitatingly answered, "but I prefer ——"

"Drink, then," interrupted Mr. Goodrich.

John glanced at Prudence. She did not raise her eyes to his, but stood holding the cup, without extending it.

Mr. Goodrich became almost savage in his evident anger. He waited for a moment, visibly trembling in his weakness and excitement.

Still John hesitated, but Prudence herself was unable to choose between her own convictions and obedience to her father. John tried to read in her face some thought that would be a guide to him. He felt that at all events he must relieve her, and with trembling hand he took the cup.

A moment he stood still looking at her, and then for the first time her eyes were raised to his. It was only for a moment, yet in that moment John's look was a question, hers an answer.

Then all John's hesitation vanished. "Mr. Goodrich," said he, "I am sorry to seem discourteous to my host, even though you forget the rights of your

guests. I would gladly drink the health of King George. Long may he live and be delivered from the devices of evil men who now plot against the liberties of these Colonies! But if I drink his health, it must be in a cup of cold water. I will not drink that which has become the symbol of tyranny to these Colonies."

Again John paused, and his eye caught that of Prudence. She was standing with her back toward her father, facing John, and John read in one flash of her eye her approval and gratitude.

"Drink it!" shouted her father, now almost insane with rage, and tottering as he walked.

He started threateningly toward John. John hesitated no longer. A great wave of indignation swept over him, and with a sudden gesture, he threw the tea, cup and all, against the blazing back-log in the open fire, then handed the saucer to Prudence, and turned to meet her angry father.

"Good, good!" cried Tom Lawson; "so perish the ships that are bringing more of the cursed stuff across to us!"

"Leave my house!" shouted Mr. Goodrich.

"Father —" interposed Prudence.

"My dear!" pleaded Mrs. Goodrich.

"Silence!" said he.

"You are still sick, my dear," entreated Mrs. Goodrich. "You must not excite yourself so!"

"I will do as I like in my own house!" he thundered. "I will have no strutting young coxcombs here breathing out their disloyalty and smashing my china! Begone, you young vandal, or I will have you arrested for your insolence and the damage done my property."

John started toward the door, forgetting until he was well out of doors, that he had placed his hat in a room upstairs. The need of a hat was forgotten in his anger and excitement, but the cold air upon his head speedily turned him back. Just inside the porch he met Prudence, who handed the hat to him.

"I thought you would not care to return for it," said she, "and I brought it out to you."

"Thank you!" said John.

"I am very, very sorry it happened. I hope you won't feel harsh toward father. He has just been sick, you know, and then he feels very strongly about these political matters."

"I have no occasion to feel harshly toward him,"

said John, "only I don't —— but never mind that. I hope you don't feel unkindly toward me. I am sorry I broke your cup. I was so angry."

"The cup? don't mention that. You did just splendidly!"

"I would not have broken the cup," said he, "if I had had a moment to think, but at the time it did not occur to me that I could spill the tea without throwing cup and all together."

"I am glad you did not throw the saucer, too," said she.

"Was the saucer of more value than the cup?" asked John.

"Oh, no," she said, "not at all, and yet, — yes, the saucer is of more value than the cup. I am glad you did not break it."

"Prudence!" shouted her father just inside the door.

"Good night," said she, and hurried within.

John started slowly toward the gate, and was joined by Tom Lawson before reaching it; while hard behind them came most of the others. "You did finely, old fellow, and you fought it out for us all."

"Are they all coming?" asked John.

"I guess so," replied Tom.

"Two or three will stay perhaps to drink tea with him; methinks it will be a solemn kind of drinking after what has happened. I don't believe any of them care for it, and the most of them are coming away already."

"I am sorry he singled me out," said John. "I do not know why he should!"

"Partly, because you are at Crane's, I suppose, and partly, because he has a pretext in your kindness to Prudence. He had always been a rabid old fellow, and is one of the bitterest of the Tories. His sickness does not improve his temper any, I judge, or make him more discreet. He will get a coat of tar and feathers one of these nights from Captain Mackintosh and 'his Chickens,' if he does not stop talking as he has been talking lately."

"I hope not," said John.

"I should think you would like to help give it to him." Tom ventured this as a feeler.

"I might, so far as he is concerned," replied John, "but —"

"Yes, I understand," said Tom. "It is Prudence you are thinking of, I warrant you."

John winced a little and answered somewhat hur-

riedly, "That is neither here nor there. I have little liking for this sort of thing. I have no fondness for being in trouble, and I have been in it, first one thing and then another, ever since I came to this town."

"There is nothing to feel very bad about in what happened to-night," said Tom. "Let us go to the print-shop, and then on our errand."

They were passing down Ann Street when they were met by a man walking hurriedly toward them from the town.

"Ah, Tom," said he, "I am looking for you."

"Mr. Edes!" said Tom. "What is it, sir?"

"I want you to run an errand for me."

"I expected it, sir."

"It is not the one of which I told you, but one more important. Who is this lad with you?"

"This is my friend, John Farwell, sir."

"Is he trusty?"

"Aye, that he is! Do you want him too?"

"Yes, both of you. Can you keep a secret, young man?"

"I can keep any secret that is an honorable one, sir," said John. "I wish to know no others."

"Aye, aye, you will learn no others from me. Are you a Patriot, lad, or a Tory?"

"You would not ask that," said Tom, "if you had seen him fling the tea back in the face of the King as he has done this night."

"What is that?" asked Mr. Edes.

"We have been having a Hallowe'en party," said Tom, "and old Goodrich, the Tory, was determined we should drink tea before we came away, and he thrust it upon us in a most unmannerly fashion, and forced his daughter, who was our hostess, to offer it to us, so that it was hard to refuse. But John here, to whom the cup first came, flung it, tea and all, into the fire, and so made answer for us also, and brought down the wrath of old Goodrich upon himself."

"I like that," said Mr. Edes. "Your elders will have the same thing to do on a larger scale ere many days, I warrant, for the King himself is doing to Boston what Goodrich did to you youngsters. But, here, let me tell you my errand,—a fine one it is for Hallowe'en, too! Stand out here in the moonlight, while I read you this letter."

The moon was shining very bright, and by its

light Edes read the letter, whose contents he knew so well that he might have given them in the dark.

"Boston, 1st November, 1773.

"Richard Clarke and Son:

"The Freemen of this Province understand, from good authority, that there is a quantity of tea consigned to your house by the East India Company, which is destructive to the happiness of every well-wisher to his country. It is therefore expected that you personally appear at Liberty Tree, on Wednesday next, at twelve o'clock at noon day, to make a public resignation of your commission, agreeable to a notification of this day for that purpose.

"Fail not upon your peril.

"O. C."

"What do you wish us to do with it?" asked Tom.

"Deliver it," said Mr. Edes. "Put it into the hands of the elder Clarke. There are other letters for other consignees, though you are to deliver but this one. Knock at the door, and keep knocking until you get them up, then give the old gentleman this letter. You know the house on School Street, near the Latin School. But go not yet about this; it is only ten o'clock and quite too early. Let them get to bed and let the knocking rouse them and

frighten them a bit if it will. Meantime, lest you get into mischief on Hallowe'en, stick up these handbills along Middle Street and Queen and Tremont. Put one on every corner. It is a bill calling for the Freemen of Boston to meet at the Liberty Tree at twelve o'clock, Wednesday, to receive the resignations of the tea factors."

"We will do it, sir," said Tom, "we will do it."

"Have a care how you do it," said Mr. Edes. "It is better you than one of the men. You will be less likely to be recognized, but see that Mr. Clarke gets the letter."

For a good two hours, until midnight, the boys walked the streets, posting up on every corner the flaming handbill which called the meeting at the Liberty Tree.

"The North End will have a chance to show its patriotism now," said Tom.

"And it will show it, will it not?" asked John.

"No doubt of it, though the South End professes to think there is more wind than water in the talk of the North Enders."

"And what do the North End folk say about the South End?"

"Oh, the same, and with about as good reason, for aught I know. The truth is, there are brave men and braggarts at both ends of the town, but they all come together at the Liberty Tree."

CHAPTER XI

A PRISONER OF WAR

THE bright moon was swinging high in the heavens when John Farwell and Tom Lawson approached a stately house in School Street.

"Shall we go in quietly?" asked John.

"No, it is no harm if we make a noise," said Tom; "we will wake them up!"

They opened the gate and let it slam hard after them, and, seizing the heavy knocker on the door, pounded and pounded, until they could hear the echoes in the great hall within.

A window opened above their heads.

"Who is there?" demanded an angry voice.

"A letter for you, sir," said John.

"A letter? Where from?"

"A letter of importance," was the reply.

"Who sends a letter this time of night?"

"Come down and get it, sir, and you will see."

"It is an imposition," said the voice above, "to be called up at this time of night! You have wakened the whole house!"

At this moment the door opened, and a servant demanded, "What are you doing here, you young villains?"

"We have a letter for Master Clarke," said Tom. "We want to place it in his own hand."

"Then call at his shop in the morning, and give it to him there."

"Nay; we must see that he gets it to-night."

"Bring it to me," called a figure in gown and nightcap, from the head of the stairway; and, looking in, John and Tom saw the elder Clarke, a dignified old gentleman, candle in hand, waiting for the letter. Tom handed it to the servant, who quickly carried it up the stairs, leaving the door open behind him.

"Come," said John to Tom, "we have performed our errand. Let us go."

They turned from the door, and were starting toward the gate. Mr. Clarke took the letter, and quickly broke the seal.

"Who brings this letter?" he demanded. "Here, here, you young scoundrels, wait a minute!"

The boys' hearts were beating hard now, and they were tempted to run.

"Let us walk," said John; and so they went on to the gate.

"Catch them! Catch them!" called Clarke. "Bring them here! I will find out who brings me an insulting letter such as this!"

The gate slammed hard behind the boys, and they walked out into School Street; but just as they came through the gate two half-dressed servants came bounding toward them, in hot pursuit.

"Run!" said Tom; and run they did.

The boys started up School Street, and turned into Beacon.

"Make for the Common!" said Tom; and toward the Common they went. If they could once gain that wilderness, they might hope to escape, for there were hiding-places behind trees and stones. Yet the moonlight was so clear that this hope was quickly dispelled, and they soon saw that their only chance of escape was in outrunning their pursuers. This was not easy, for the men after them were strong and fleet, and, though the boys ran with all their might, their hearts beat hard and their breath came short and fast as they felt their pursuers gaining upon them.

They reached the old Granary, but found themselves well out in the open, with every object distinct in the moonlight, and nothing near at hand that afforded them any shelter or concealment.

"Keep to the right," said Tom, "and I will take this way, and we will meet at the corner of Frog Lane."

John was not sure that it was wise to separate, yet saw plainly that the chances were small for any place of concealment for two. He turned to the right, and soon found that both pursuers were after him, not having noticed, apparently, that one of the boys had gone the other way.

In the distance he saw the glimmer of the Frog Pond and ran toward it. If he could put that between him and his pursuers, he thought, he might run round it once or twice, and then dart to a distance.

He moved to the left to run around the hill. This brought him to the Old Elm where Mrs. Ann Hibbins had been hanged. He stopped suddenly in terror. Something was hanging there now. A human figure it seemed.

John turned for a moment in horror, almost for-

getting his own purpose of escape, and the men gained fast upon him. He started again as he heard their footsteps, and ran into the arms of Job Morris, who, at that moment, sprang from behind the tree.

"I have him!" he shouted. "Here he is."

John struggled in the arms of his captor, then with a desperate effort he half-freed himself, and struck him with all his might. Had he been fully free, the blow would have felled his antagonist to the ground, but as it was, Job reeled for a moment and then rushed back again like a wounded tiger. Again John struck him, but this time met an opposing blow, and then they were in a hand-to-hand encounter, which had hardly begun before he was seized from behind by the two half-dressed servants, who held him tight while Job rained blow after blow upon him.

"Here, here, young fellow, that is enough!" said one of the servants. "Zounds, what a savage you are! I am willing you should thrash him a bit for the trouble he has given us in catching him, but you need not hit a man when he is down, at least not so many times."

"I will hit him up or down, that I will!" cried

Job, rushing at the helpless John again, but the servant kept him back.

"Let it rest there now," he said, "and begone from here before we have to thrash you. Come here, you young rascal; you have given us a hard chase. Where is the other young villain?"

Panting for breath and smarting from the blows which he had received, John made no answer; and the men, one of whom had started in slippers and had lost them by the way, and the other, clad only in shirt and breeches, dragged him unwillingly back to the house.

"Did you get them?" cried Mr. Clarke, appearing again at the head of the stairs.

"One of them, sir, but the other got away."

"Well, keep the one you have until morning. This is an insulting and menacing letter, and one that constitutes a breach of the peace. I will have the young wretch before the Court in the morning; and what is more, I will find out who is back of this business. Fetch him here to me!"

They led John up the stairs. It was a very angry man who had gotten out of bed a second time that night.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I am the lad that brought the message," said John.

"What is your name?"

"A name I have no reason to be ashamed of."

"You lie," said Clarke; "you have reason enough to be ashamed of it for what you have done this night. If you are not ashamed of it, tell me."

"It is not for shame that I refuse, but I am not sure of your right to ask it, nor of others whose names mine might reveal."

"It is their names I want to know. I care not a fig for yours. Who sent you?"

"The men from whom the letter comes," said John.

"Yes, yes, and who are they? Come, answer me not in this round-about way. Tell me who sent you here."

"I cannot do it, sir," said John. "The message speaks for itself."

"Take him below," said Clarke, "and keep him until morning — nay, nay, take him up to that little room on the upper floor and mind you see to the window well, and watch him until morning. I will know his name and who sent him, or I will know the reason why!"

CHAPTER XII

A FIGHT AT THE FROG POND

Tom Lawson ran along the Tremont Street side of the Common, or the Common Street side, as it was then called, and had nearly run its length before he felt certain that he was not pursued. Then he slowed up, all out of breath as he was, and walked slowly toward Frog Lane. He waited a few minutes, and hearing no one approaching, started along on the path diagonally crossing toward Joy Street, hoping to meet his friend on the way.

The Common seemed deserted. No one, not a living soul, met him on the way. He came under the brow of the old powder-house hill, and stopped a moment in horror by the Old Elm.

There in the moonlight was a swinging figure. More than one culprit had swung from its branches in the old days of the town, besides a witch or two.

and now and then a Quaker; now the executions were no longer performed upon the Common, but upon the great black gallows that stood upon the Neck.

Horrified, and then reassured, Tom drew nearer and discovered a placard labelled: —

"SAM ADAMS! SO PERISH ALL THE ENEMIES OF THE KING!"

Then Tom realized that he had come upon the work of some of the Tory lads, using the evening like himself for their own political purposes.

A moment he paused and looked upon it. Then, climbing up the tree, he cut the figure loose, and descending, dragged it to the Frog Pond and threw it in.

A startled figure rose at the splash and turned upon him. Tom looked, and there in the moonlight stood Job Morris, who had been kneeling beside the Frog Pond, bathing a bleeding nose.

"What are you doing there?" Job demanded.

"None of your business," said Tom. "What are you doing here?"

"What do you mean by cutting down that effigy?"

"I want to make room for Tories!"

"I have a notion to throw you into the Pond after him," cried Job.

"If you tell me that you hung him there, I will throw you in!" retorted Tom.

"Come on," Job excitedly replied; "I have thrashed one rebel to-night, and I will thrash another if you say so."

"You thrashed him, did you? And where may he be found washing his bloody nose?"

Job winced under the sting of the words, and wiped his nose upon his cuff. "He can't be found," said he, "at least, not outside of jail. The constable has him by this time, I ween, or if not the constable, then Master Clarke."

"Do you mean it was with John Farwell that you fought?"

"None other," said Job. "I caught him and handed him over to Clarke's servants, and it will be a long night before he gets away, I'll warrant you."

"You contemptible Tory," shouted Tom. "Defend yourself, if you are man enough, for before I am done with you, you will remember this night though you live to be a hundred years old!"

"Defend your own self," cried Job; "for I am not less ready to fight than yourself. Take that!" and he struck a savage blow at Tom. Tom was shorter than Job by a good three inches, but more stocky and quite as agile, and while his arms were shorter they rained heavier blows. They were hard at it now, striking and parrying, first one struck and then the other, with no one present to interfere or call time between them. At first Tom was on the defensive, meeting the onset of his antagonist, but as Job began to lose his self-control and strike more wildly, Tom forced the battle, — Job, stepping backward before him, step by step, until he stood on the very brink of the Frog Pond. Then he struck a blow with all his might which landed full on Job's chest, and Job, still further retreating and half-reeling, tripped backward and fell into the mud and shallow water.

"Good riddance to the Tory and his own stuffed image!" cried Tom. "I know not which one of you is best worth pulling out." Walking away a little distance, he waited until Job scrambled to terra firma, and then walked away toward School Street, leaving Job to find his way home alone.

Tom hurried to the Clarke house. He did not as before go through the gate, but stealthily clambered over the back fence, and cautiously approaching the house, looked in through the windows. The front of the house was already dark, save one light in the room where the nightcapped head had appeared, and this soon disappeared. Tom walked round the house, and on the back side found another light in a little window on the second floor. Looking through, he saw one of the servants, and a moment later the face of John. Tom understood it instantly. They had captured John and were keeping him there until morning. Some how, some way, he must contrive his escape. Again and again, he walked round and round the house, trying to plan some way in which it could be accomplished. He thought of breaking in one of the windows on the lower floor; but this, he reasoned, would make him also a prisoner, and afford no relief to John. He must remain on the outside, where a second plan could be tried if the first one failed. There was no time to lose, for more than one hour had been lost already. Again he went round the house, seeking any possible entrance and exit that was not guarded, and soon convinced himself

that his only hope lay in getting John through that window. He searched in the yard for a ladder and found none, then in the yards adjacent, but none was there. Where should he find a ladder?

A paint-shop seemed to offer the greatest certainty of success. Tom made his way into the street again, and hurried down Cornhill into Middle Street. Since the year 1701 the Painters' Arms had stood near there, and an old stone mortar and pestle used by them long before to grind their paint, had since 1737 been known as the Boston Stone, and was used as the mark for surveying. There was still a paint-shop there, and in its rear Tom found a number of ladders, some too heavy for him to lift alone, and some too short for his use. But he found one long enough to reach a second-story window and light enough for him to handle.

The ladder grew very heavy before he had lugged it to School Street; and it was only by the utmost care that he succeeded in getting it into the yard. It seemed impossible for him to raise it against the house without disturbing the inmates, but at last the ladder was in position. Then carefully he mounted it, round by round, and peered through the window

from which shone the candlelight. It was still burning, now low in its socket. One of the servants lay fast asleep upon the floor, his length barring the single door. Tom looked round the room. John was not there.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ESCAPE

JOHN confronted the angry old merchant, at first with some sense of fear, and then with increasing composure. An angry man is always at a disadvantage. Mr. Clarke was very angry. Still John felt that he was unquestionably in the power of his captors for that night, and he was troubled about the threat of the Court the next morning. He did not know how serious might be the business upon which he had been sent, nor what plans might be betrayed if the authors of the letter were brought into Court through any revelation that he might make.

He was determined that they should learn nothing from him, not even his name, though never before had he refused to acknowledge it. It came to him with a sense of shame now, that for once he had refused to disclose his identity, but he remembered it

was another's secret and not his own for which he was concealing the truth about himself. He was glad to be a stranger, lest being too easily known, he might have betrayed some plan of the Patriots that would imperil their ultimate success. Calmly he prepared to spend the night, if necessary, but determined, if possible, to make his escape before the morning. There seemed little hope that he would be able to accomplish it. The room into which he was led was at the back of the house, being, indeed, the end of the hall partitioned off into a little bedroom. Its further connection with the hall was shown in a trap-door through its ceiling into the attic above. There was a ladder here when John entered the room, but at the command of Mr. Clarke, the servants removed it. Then one of them drew up a bench outside the door and stretched across it, and providing himself with blankets and pillows, lay down to spend the night.

It was certain, both to Mr. Clarke and to John, that he could never get through without wakening the guard outside. The other servant, following his instructions, sat on guard within.

John was shown a small, narrow bed, where he was

told that he might lie down. He had no heart to sleep. He drew off his boots and cast himself upon the bed. It was clearly to his advantage, he thought, to begin by appearing contented, and, if possible, to persuade his guard that he intended to sleep. The servant tried in vain to engage him in conversation. John met his questions with imperturbable silence; and, stretched upon the bed, turned his eyes hopelessly from the door to the window, and from the window to the hole in the ceiling. These three avenues represented his only means of escape, and not one seemed promising.

After some time the servant exhibited signs of sleepiness, which increased as he listened to the snoring of his fellow-servant on the bench without. John saw him dozing two or three times in the chair in which he sat. At length he took the cushion from his chair, laid it upon the floor at one side of the door, stretched himself upon the floor inside as his companion was stretched upon the bench outside, and after a few vain efforts, meant to appease his own conscience rather than to thwart his evident desire to get a nap, dropped off into the soundest of slumbers.

John lay for a long time before he dared to move;

then he made some slight noises to assure himself that the man was not easily wakened. He rapped gently on the wall and against the bedpost. No sign came from the sleeping man. Then John carefully rose and tiptoed to the window, hoping that there he might find some means of escape. Alas, the window was securely barred, it was far from the ground, and there was neither ledge nor cornice nor shed-roof nor eaves-spout which might have assisted his escape.

John dared not wait longer. The window was out of the question, so also was the door. What means of escape the attic might afford he had little idea. To try it would place him one story further from the ground, and yet it was just possible that by roof or gable he might effect an exit from there.

He buckled his shoes together and cast them about his neck. Bred to the sea, he was an expert climber. Rising, first to the window-sill, he caught the top of the casing; then, standing on the top of the lower sash, rose till his hands could reach the ceiling. Balancing himself on the window, he reached backward into the middle of the ceiling and caught the frame of the square hole that led into the great, unfinished room above. Seizing this firmly with

both hands, he swung loose from the window, and drawing himself up, sat for a moment on the attic floor and looked about him.

The moonlight was streaming in through a low window in one gable, and a fainter light came through a corresponding window in the opposite end. Grateful for so much of hope as this, he drew his feet up through the floor, and looking down saw his guard still fast asleep, not having moved during the whole transaction.

John quickly made his way along the attic, which ran the whole length of the house. There were loose boards and creaking boards; there were barrels and bundles and bandboxes on the floor; there were bundles of herbs and pillow-cases full of feathers, and packages of clothing suspended from the low ceiling; there were sounds of scurrying rats; there were cobwebs in abundance, but John thought little of these things — only of the hope of freedom.

He made his way to the moonlight as rapidly as possible, yet feeling that each step taken was causing rafters to creak in every room in the house. He came to the window and, gently raising it, thrust his head outside. Alas, it looked down into a sheer abyss, as

precipitous as that which he had seen from the other window, and ten feet higher from the ground.

Then John made his way to the other end, startling the rats and gathering cobwebs as he went, only to find the same thing true. There was no escape except by a leap to the ground below, which meant certain death.

For a long time John sat despondent, then he began a more careful exploration of the attic. Perhaps he might find another window at the side, a dormer window — a window thrust out at an unexpected angle of the roof. Such windows were common in the old Colonial houses; a person might run upon one anywhere, covered on the inside with debris and on the outside with shutters that kept out the light; but a careful exploration convinced him that this garret contained no such windows.

Then he thought about the floor. It was folly to think of it, but possibly there was another trap-door that led into another room. The attic floor was large and covered many rooms; perhaps there was an attic stair. But, no; his careful search revealed but the one hole through which he had climbed, and whence still came the flickering gleam of the candle casting an oblong reflection on the rafters above.

Weary and disheartened, John sat by the window at the moonlit end, and watched the moon sink lower and lower as the night wore on and the dawn came near. It was not so many hours, after all, but it seemed an age that he was there.

It must have been toward morning when, looking down, John saw a silent figure walking carefully around the house. Before he could recognize it, it was gone, but at first glance it seemed to him that it was Tom. Carefully he raised the window and waited. It seemed to him a long time, but at last the figure came again, looking up at the windows, examining the corner post of the porch and minutely inspecting the house. It was Tom.

"Tom! Tom!" he cried in a hoarse whisper. "Oh, Tom, look up here!"

Tom gave a low whistle, half in recognition, half in surprise.

"How in the name of all that is good, did you get up there?" he asked.

"Never mind that," said John. "I am here. Can you help me down?"

"Surely I can," said Tom. "I have a ladder around here. Wait, and I will get it."

"Well, hurry; but wait — take it to the other end. We shall be less likely to be seen. It is not so light there, and there is another window just like this. I will be there in a minute."

John hardly knew which made the more noise, the creaking boards or the beating of his heart, as he picked his way along the attic floor to the window at the other end.

He waited a few minutes, and then Tom came struggling under the weight of the ladder, which he placed against the side of the house. An exclamation of bitter disappointment came from both. The ladder was too short by a full story.

"Oh, dear!" cried Tom. "What can we do now? It was long enough for the other window. I never thought of your being so high, and I don't believe I can carry a longer one from the paint-shop."

"Perhaps I can find a way to let myself down as far as that," said John. "There may be rope in this attic; I am sure there is everything else here."

Then John propped up the window, and began another search of the attic. There were broken-down spinning-wheels and dismantled clocks, three-legged pieces of furniture which ought to have been quad-

ruped, skeins of yarn and bundles of old linen, but nothing like a rope. John tore some of the old garments to test their strength and see if he could make a rope from them, but none were strong enough.

Again it seemed that he must give it up, when he made a discovery that almost caused him to cry aloud for joy. In the remotest and darkest corner of the rambling old attic, John found what had once been a harness. The leather was old and dry and some of the straps were rotten and most of them were gone, but there still remained enough for John to splice into a single strap, long enough to fasten inside and reach a good six feet below the window-sill.

Again he hurried to the window, less carefully this time, for the light was growing brighter at this end of the attic and more dim at the other. John fastened the strap securely to the leg of a broken chair and wedged it across the corner of the window. Then he threw his shoes to the ground below, and swinging himself free from the window-sill, grasped the strap with both hands and let himself down hand over hand until his feet rested securely on the topmost round.

"Bravo!" said Tom, as John joined him a moment later on the ground below.

"Let's take the ladder home," said John. "Wait a minute till I get my shoes on."

"Be quick about it," said Tom; "it's getting light."

Tom put on one shoe while John was pulling on the other, and then seizing an end of the ladder apiece they hurried through the back yard and to the fence. Tom was over, and John was passing the ladder to him, when a voice cried from the window of the little room, "There he goes! there he goes! There they both are! catch them quick!"

"Leave the ladder, John," cried Tom, "and get over as quick as you can. We have got to run now if ever we did. No, not that way! Come; let us run toward the water."

It was darker than when they were pursued before, as the day was just beginning and the moon was almost down; and, too, the boys had a longer start this time, and they were on the opposite side of the house from that where their pursuers started. Their chance of escape was more favorable now, and they ran, determined to put as much distance as possible between themselves and their past experience, before the direction of their flight was known.

Down Milk Street they ran to Pudding Lane,[1] and then past the Town Dock into Union Street, and so into the mazes of Creek Square, which was laid out in the general plan of a lobster, with claws that led out in all unexpected directions. Then they came into Hanover Street, and crossing over in the direction of the mill pond, in whose pent-up waters stolen from the tides the mill found its motive power, they followed the water's edge among the rope-walks and the wheelwright shops of the old West End until they came to the Common again.

In all this way they had caught no sight of their pursuers. Probably at no time had they been upon their track. Now, however, for the first time they felt safe, and all their strength suddenly gone. They threw themselves on the ground for a few minutes in the shadow of the Old Elm, recounting to each other the events of the night, and the adventure of each at the Frog Pond.

"We will have some more fun, come Guy Fawkes Day," said Tom, "and maybe sooner, for Wednesday we must be at the Liberty Tree to see if the Clarkes resign the position as tea factors."

[1] Now Devonshire Street.

"Aye, aye," said John; "we will be there, indeed, and from now on, we stand together through thick and thin. But if you call this fun that we have been having, it will be a gay day for old Guy Fawkes if it goes ahead of Hallowe'en. But now we must be going; see, it is time for me to be at home and building the morning fire; I have been out this live-long night!"

"Aye, and my masters, Edes & Gill, will give me little roller crust to chew, if I don't make myself known before long at the printing-shop. Good-by; it has been a rare old night, but there are other nights coming." And the jolly Tom, and the rather serious but still jubilant John bade each other a pleasant good morning.

"Dat good-for-nothin' boy! I jest like to know why he don't git up in de maunin' and build dis yere fire for me," sputtered Judy as she blew the shavings and laid on the kindling.

"I am here, Judy," said John. "I will attend to that."

"For de Law's sake, wha' for yo' come in dat-a-way? I thought yo' bin to bed and not got up yit. Yo' don't mean yo' laid out all night?"

For the first time John experienced a feeling of anxiety concerning his absence.

"I was out all night, Judy; I did not mean to be. I thought I should be home in good season. Don't say anything to Mr. Crane about it; please don't!"

"What is that you don't want anything said to Mr. Crane about?" demanded a voice behind him.

Tom did not need to look. He knew the voice well. "Oh, Mr. Crane!" he stammered. "I did not want you to know I was out all night!"

"Why did you not want me to know, and why were you out all night? Out all night and home in the morning covered with cobwebs and dirt and looking as if you had been in jail or slept in a straw stack! Out all night, indeed, and this is the second prank of the kind you have played! Yes, the second one! I was just beginning to think that I could trust you, but I had not forgotten; no, indeed! I had not forgotten! And when I let you go for your Hallowe'en tomfoolery, trusting you would come in early and all right, here you stay out carousing and getting into trouble, and then come home in the morning bedraggled, bespattered, and looking as if you had been hauled through a knot-hole!"

"Mr. Crane," said John, "let me tell you——"

"Let me tell you! Did I not just hear you telling Judy 'not to tell me'? And what would you tell me, I would like to know — a lie just as like as not. If you had anything good to tell me, why did you not come yourself instead of telling Judy not to tell me. If you were my own boy, I would give you a drubbing such as you would remember this twelve months. 'Tell me,' indeed! It is little you care to tell me, and much that you would like to conceal, the more shame to you!"

It was useless trying to reason with him, and John escaped to the shop, where he busied himself till breakfast time in some small preparations for the day's work.

Then, hearing Judy call, he went in to breakfast.

"I knowed yo'd ketch it," said Judy, as he passed through the kitchen; "but nebbah yo' mind, boy," she added sympathetically, noticing John's sad face. "I wouldn't ha' told him, no mo'n nothin', ef he hadn't heerd. Nebbah yo' mind; yo' jest g'long and tend to yo' own bizness; he'll git over it. He's sassed me wuss nor that, heap o' times. But law, honey, yo' got ter stop this yer sashaying 'round nights,

or he'll take yo' head off, sho's yo' bo'ned. Dey ain't no use a-talkin', honey, this yere ——"

"Come in to breakfast," thundered Crane; and John went in and took his place silently at the table. "Out *all* night this time," he continued, in angry explanation to Mrs. Crane. Mrs. Crane looked at John kindly and sadly.

"And a black eye," she said. "You have been fighting. Oh, John, I am so sorry!"

That word hurt John more than all the fulminations of Crane; but he choked himself in silence with his food, and kept down the words which he wanted to speak, but found no opportunity to say.

"And you were wanting me to give him those keys again," said Crane to his wife. "Aha, young fellow, it will be many a day before you handle any keys of mine!"

CHAPTER XIV

FEW DIE, AND NONE RESIGN

"A FIRE! A fire!" shouted journeyman Gammel of John Crane's shop. "Hear the bells ring!"

There were fewer bells in Boston then than now. Paul Revere cast his first bells after the Revolution; and the earlier bells, being imported, were few in number, but they were sufficient to startle the town when they all rang at once, as now.

"Another fire!" said Bolter to John. "Here, lad! Now's your time for more glory! Climb you to the roof again, and make yourself a great man! You'll sooner be a fireman than a carpenter!"

The word was half-playfully, half-tauntingly uttered, and was a compromise between John's former low estate in Bolter's opinion and the new and higher position which he was coming to occupy.

"It's no fire," said John.

"You fools!" said Crane. "Don't you know this is the day for the factors to resign? An hour from

now they are to meet at Liberty Tree and resign before all the people!"

"Aye, this is the day, and noon's the hour."

"Work with both hands till noon," said Crane. "There'll be nothing doing till then. John, tell Mistress Crane we'll not be here at noon, but we want a snack in our hands — for all the men, mind."

John went to Mrs. Crane, who promised the lunch in a jiffy, and prepared, with the help of Judy, a trencher of buttered bread and crisp doughnuts, which John bore back to the shop.

John carried the trencher back to the house, and then ran with all his might to overtake the men, who were well on their way to the Tree. He stopped a moment, however, at the corner of Frog Lane, to read a notice posted there. It was one of many like those he had posted in the bright moonlight of Monday night. Many others besides himself had been employed that Hallowe'en, and the placards were all about the town. It read: —

To the Freemen of This and Other Towns in the Province: —

Gentlemen: — You are desired to meet at Liberty Tree, next Wednesday, at twelve o'clock at noon day, then

and there to hear the persons to whom the tea, shipped by the East India Company, is consigned, make a public resignation of their office as consignees, upon oath. And also swear that they will reship any teas that may be consigned to them by the said company, by the first vessel sailing for London.

O. C. SECREY.

BOSTON, Novr. 1st, 1773.

This was what was drawing the men together. John understood it better than the most of them, though all had read the placards and knew the purpose of the meeting. It was a critical hour. Would the factors resign? If so, the tea now on its way, would be sent back without being unloaded; if not, then who could tell what would happen?

As John approached the Tree, he saw a crowd of not less than five hundred assembled, and the number increasing every minute. The noon hour was favorable for such a gathering. It was largely composed of apprentices, journeymen, and others who were free at that hour. There were few merchants present, and most wore their working clothes. Few were old men, and fully half were not older than John. The flag was flying over their heads, and could be seen through the bare branches of the Lib-

erty Tree. Some one was speaking from an extemporized rostrum. He was a well-dressed merchant about fifty-six or seven, — William Molineux, one of the bravest of the Patriots, whose death less than a year later was one of the saddest blows to the Colonial cause. John could not help contrasting him with his average auditor, for there was that in the appearance of the company gathered which reminded him of what Mather Byles had said of the men who made up the funeral procession of Crispus Attucks. Something of the same thought was in the mind of the speaker.

"We have come to a time," he was saying, "when we must think less of property and more of manhood. In every great movement such as this, not many high, not many mighty, are chosen to make plain the way for freedom. Property is conservative. Age is conservative. It is upon you, my friends, — you, the sturdy, lusty young men of Boston, — that the future of this country depends.

"We are often reminded that we count among our numbers few men of wealth. We have indeed few Hancocks."

A long cheer greeted the name. Hancock, who

was present, garbed in a bright scarlet cloak, colored and bowed, well pleased with the flattering recognition given his name.

"We have few Hancocks," the speaker continued, "but we have an Adams —"

A cheer not less loud greeted "the last of the Puritans," as he was recognized under the Tree. John looked at him with keen interest. Stern and inflexible, yet with a face that was kind, plainly dressed yet with dignified bearing, he stood the foremost representative of America's rights.

"And we do not lack a Phillips, a Church, a Cooper, a Crane, and a Revere."

There were other cheers for these well-known names.

"We have few men of wealth. Men of wealth are conservative. They are troubled for many things, and but one thing is needful."

John thought that he saw a questioning, dissatisfied look on the face of Dr. Church. He was present that day, and a member of the committee later appointed. He was a conspicuous and leading citizen, being later a surgeon-general in Washington's army, but financial embarrassment led him to desert the

cause of the Colonies, and leaving America a sad and dishonored man, he was lost at sea.

"We need now," continued Molineux, "not men of wealth, but men of character and decision. We need men like you, who are not blinded by considerations of property and prudence. We need men who will pledge their young manhood to this righteous cause. We are face to face with a crisis. Eight years ago we met here —"

There was a wild yell at this reference to the Stamp Riots.

"Eight years ago we met under the Liberty Tree, and marched from here to the cursed stamp-office and left of it not a sliver, and we burned the effigies of the stamp-agents in the flames which we kindled with the wood of their office."

There were wild cheers.

"Aye; we do well to cheer the past. But shall we match that deed with one as brave?"

There were other cheers, though somewhat fainter.

"What do you think he wants us to do?" asked John of a lad at his side.

"Tar and feather the Hutchinsons, as like as not," said his companion, Will Sewall, of the Latin School.

"Not the Governor?" asked John.

"No; his sons, who are consignees of the tea."

"Listen, he begins again."

Mr. Molineux went on: —

"We have met here to receive the resignation of the consignees of the tea! We have notified them to be here. Where are they?"

"They dared not come!" shouted a voice from the crowd.

"Cowards! Cowards!" cried a hundred voices, and there were groans and hisses.

"Aye, they dared not come. And dare we go to them?"

The crowd was growing more ready for any adventure. Had they lacked anything of readiness, it would have been supplied by Captain Mackintosh, who followed Molineux.

"Lads," he shouted, "let's bring in Guy Fawkes Day ahead of time!"

There was a wild, gay cheer. Mackintosh considered a raid of the sort now proposed a lark, and the fifth of November was at hand, so that the suggestion fell upon ready ears.

"Who are these miserable tea factors?" he de-

manded. "Sleek, well-fed, comfortable merchants: Benjamin Faneuil and Joshua Winslow and the sons of our most-worthy and highly-honored and dearly-beloved Governor," — there was infinite sarcasm in these endearing adjectives, — "our dearly-beloved Governor, his Excellency Thomas Hutchinson. The sons of the man who has made himself a second Andros, and ought to be imprisoned, as Andros was by an outraged people, and shipped to England after his unworthy letters that have betrayed us! Aye, he should go to England, bag and baggage, his sons and his history and his letters and the cursed tea!"

There was more temperate talk after this. Adams, who acted as chairman, suggested the propriety of appointing a committee to wait upon the consignees, and request them to resign. Such a committee was appointed. Molineux, Joseph Warren, Dr. Church, and six other well-known citizens constituted it, with Molineux as chairman. The meeting took a temporary recess. John noticed as the crowd cleared a little that the men nearest the Tree were of the more substantial sort, while these who made up the body of the company, as he had seen, were largely apprentices and mechanics.

"Let us go with the Committee," said Tom Lawson; "there will be some fun, I warrant."

"I am ready," replied John; and they started.

The Committee moved more slowly than the crowd, which hurried along Newbury Street to where it becomes Marlborough, and then Cornhill. At King Street they turned toward the Long Wharf, and passing the Town House, they saw a pale, anxious face in the window.

"Look," said Tom; "there is Governor Hutchinson."

John looked, and there stood a richly-dressed man with a look of concern and indecision upon his face.

The crowd stopped at the foot of King Street before a warehouse with an office on the ground floor, and here they waited for the Committee to approach.

The doors were barred fast, but opened a little when the crowd parted and the Committee rapped. Several men were seen within. Mr. Clarke, whom already the boys knew, Benjamin Faneuil, and the two sons of Governor Hutchinson.

"Who are you, gentlemen, and what is your business?" demanded Clarke.

"We are a committee," said Molineux.

"From whom are you a committee?" asked Clarke.

"From the whole people," was the reply.

"Who are the committee?"

"Myself, William Dennie, Doctor Joseph Warren, Doctor Benjamin Church, Henderson Inches, Edward Proctor, Nathaniel Barber, Ezekiel Cheever, and Gabriel Johonott."

The men inside the door were silent a moment when they heard these names, for these were reputable citizens, and could not be ignored as a mere nameless mob might have been.

"What is your request?" asked one of the Hutchinsons.

"That you give us your word to sell none of the tea now in your charge or any that may come to you, but reship to London that which you have, and return that still to come in the same bottoms in the ship. Will you comply?"

"I shall have nothing to do with you," said Clarke.

"We can manage our own business," said Faneuil.

"We want no dictation from any irresponsible committee. A committee with a mob behind it such as this," said Hutchinson, "deserves but little courtesy at the hands of gentlemen and law-abiding citizens."

"Wait a moment, gentlemen; you shall not have done with us so easily. The people are in no frame of mind to be tampered with. Listen while I tell you what they have done. They have had a meeting under the Liberty Tree, declaring that those who refuse to comply with the request of the people are enemies of their country and shall be treated accordingly."

"They are their country's enemies," replied Hutchinson, — "the enemies of their country, Great Britain, and of the King."

"America is our country," said Molineux, "and our sovereign is the will of the people."

"Our sovereign is King George," said Clarke, "and your words are treasonable."

"Gentlemen," cried Molineux, "I demand again that you heed the mandate of the people!"

"The people!" said Clarke. "Whom do you call the people? this body of mechanics and apprentices? The people are in their homes or at their work or doing business at their shops. Your rioters and lawbreakers are not the people. We will have naught to do with them."

The crowd was already growing impatient, and

not in the least mollified by aspersions such as this.

"I warn you again," said Molineux; "I cannot be responsible for the consequences if you refuse the word demanded by the people of Boston."

"Nor I," sneered Clarke; "nor will I be responsible if you foment this disturbance until the mob behind you bring down upon it the vengeance of the Constable or the wrath of the King. Begone — we have done with you!"

The men inside attempted to shut the doors, but the crowd pressed about them from without and made it impossible to close them. There was a struggle, and the men within fell back, hopelessly outnumbered.

The crowd, seeing the attempt to cut short the interview by placing the doors between them and the consignees, unhinged the doors and carried them away.

"Peace! peace!" cried a man from a window; "in the King's name, I command the peace! Disperse, all of you, and go to your homes; this is an unlawful assembly."

The crowd hooted and several threw stones, one of which struck him.

"Men, men!" cried Molineux, "stop, or you will make matters worse. We must not be a mob, but a body of reasonable men." Then, turning to the consignees, he said: —

"For the last time, gentlemen, I warn you. Have you forgotten what happened in '65, when the people held their first meeting under the Liberty Tree? Have you forgotten what happened when Governor Hutchinson and the stamp-officer attempted to thwart the will of the whole people? Have you forgotten what the people did when maddened by the obstinacy of the officials and the stupidity of the King and his ministers? Remember, and tremble when you remember, that the people await your answer under the Liberty Tree."

There was some hesitation and a brief consultation among the members of the Committee. Then they started up King Street in a body, the throng somewhat reluctantly starting after them.

As the crowd thinned out, the consignees came to the window and watched them departing with evident relief, their courage rising as the numbers diminished.

"Magistrate, Magistrate," called Mr. Clarke; "Mr.

Hatch, Justice Hatch, mark you yon boy! See him —that fellow yonder! He is the lad that brought the message. Arrest him! arrest him!"

The Magistrate, holding one hand against his forehead, which had been bruised by the stone, made some demonstration as though he would rush out and seize John, but the other consignees interposed and persuaded the Justice to desist.

"Be careful, be careful," said one of them; "you will bring back the whole mob against you."

"He got away," said Clarke; "he escaped through the window. Arrest him!"

"Nay, nay," interposed Faneuil; "of what use would he be? Let the mob go and good riddance, and the lad with the rest of them. He is but the tool of older men. They are the ones you want, if any one. Let him go!"

"Go for this time, young man," called Clarke from the window, "but there is a day of reckoning coming for you yet."

The crowd reassembled at the Liberty Tree. There was some foolish ranting and much talk of violence, but Adams, Hancock, and the others dissuaded the angry multitude.

"Go home to your work now," said Adams; "to-morrow will be a holiday. We will call a Town Meeting at Faneuil Hall, and again insist upon our liberty."

So, somewhat reluctantly, the meeting adjourned, and the apprentices and journeymen hurried back to their work.

CHAPTER XV

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER

"Remember! Remember!
The Fifth of November!
Gunpowder treason and plot!
I know of no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!"

It had not been forgotten in 1773, as many voices on the street testified. It was the song that woke the dawn, and continued throughout the day.

What did American boys do before they had a Fourth of July to celebrate? They had a Fifth of November. That served them in good stead. They had inherited the anniversary from England, where it is still celebrated, and it served the boys of the Colonial period as an annual safety-valve. The apprentices were let loose; the processions of the North-enders and the Southenders were formed; and there was noise enough to delight any boy, and to drive any nervous person to distraction.

"Here they come!" shouted Tom Lawson to a

group of South-End boys who gathered under the Liberty Tree on that morning.

At the word there appeared a procession marching down Newbury Street from the north.

"Who are they?" asked John.

"They are the Northenders," said Tom.

"They come well out of town for their celebration."

"They meet now with us under the Liberty Tree. In former days we met them and fought, but now we meet and fight for our rights."

Down Newbury Street came the procession, bearing at its head not the customary figure of the Pope but an effigy intended to represent Lord North. At the same time there came from the other direction a similar procession, and the figure borne in state at its head was Governor Hutchinson, and not poor Guy Fawkes. The two parties met under the Liberty Tree. There was a long shout. The South-End procession divided and received the Northenders with open ranks, the effigy being jeered along the lines as it passed, and then returning in inverse order, the Northenders received the Southenders, and the figure of the Governor ran the same derisive gantlet.

The crowd grew larger every minute. Apprentices,

journeymen, and crowds of sightseers were there from all over Boston. Country boys began to come in over the Neck, under the hideous gallows, and through the now well-antiquated gates. All of them stopped at the gathering under the Liberty Tree. Then the leaders of the two processions delivered speeches, high sounding, but making up in abuse what they lacked in wit, in which the Pope, Guy Fawkes, Lord North, and Governor Hutchinson came in for an equal execration. Then the two figures were hanged together on the Liberty Tree, while the boys shouted derisively, "Good riddance, and so perish all the enemies of our country!"

"It's soon over," said Tom. "But that is because there is more to come. This thing would last all day, if we had not other sport ahead."

"What is coming now?" asked John.

"The meeting in Faneuil Hall!"

"Oh, yes, there is to be a meeting there, I know."

"Aye, and it will be a regular town meeting. The Tories protested against the meetings here as irregular, so the one held to-day will be a regular meeting of the Freemen of Boston, called according to law and custom, and the action which will be taken will

represent the town, and bind its citizens accordingly. Come, it is time for us to go."

The crowd seemed to be of the same mind. The effigies of Lord North and Governor Hutchinson were left hanging suspended to the Liberty Tree, while the boys moved down the street in almost a solid body. The leaders of the processions endeavored to halt and re-form their respective companies; but the boys, having done their full military duty, as they regarded it, had no further inclination to march in procession. They filled the street from side to side, moving along and singing: —

"Remember, Remember!
The Fifth of November!
Gunpowder treason and plot!
I know of no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!"

"Bold Freemen are we,
We'll drink no more tea
Though King and Gov'nor command.
The vile Bohea,
We'll pitch in the sea,
If ever it comes to land."

"It will take some crowding to get in," said John.

"Yes," Tom answered; "they should have held

the meeting out of doors. The Hall will never hold the throng, but we can get in if there is room for a cat."

"Move on," said John. "I will press hard behind you, and fill quickly any space you may make."

"We will try for the gallery, John, or we shall hardly be able to see and hear."

They squeezed their way up the stairs; by wriggling in here, and squeezing in there, they at last found themselves on the gallery rail, directly over the platform. Soon a cocked hat and wig and red coat appeared winding up the spiral staircase to the platform, and the audience cheered when John Hancock took his place on the stand. Hard behind him was Samuel Adams, who called the meeting to order. The Town Clerk, William Cooper, son of a noted Boston minister of the same name, read the call for the meeting, and announced that this was a regular town meeting, authorized to do business in the name of the people of the town of Boston.

John Hancock was nominated as Moderator and unanimously elected.

"Gentlemen," said he, "what is the further pleasure of this meeting?"

"I protest against this meeting," called a voice from the floor.

"In whose name do you protest?" asked Hancock.

"In the name of the Tradesmen of the town of Boston," said the objector.

"What is the nature of the protest?"

"It is contained in this hand-bill," was the reply.

"Pass the hand-bill to the platform!"

Several people had been busy circulating the hand-bill in the audience, and one was now passed to the platform. It was headed "The Tradesmen's Protest," and was alleged to be the sentiments of the Boston merchants on the subject of Tea Importation.

"Let the Protest be read," said John Hancock; and William Cooper read the bill.

"Is this the voice of the Tradesmen of Boston?"

"No, no!" shouted voices all over the Hall.

"Let the Tradesmen of Boston assemble and say whether this hand-bill represents their sentiments," announced Hancock. "Make room at the south end of the Hall, and let all who are Tradesmen gather there."

Then followed a difficult separation of the crowded audience, in which were merchants and those representing commercial interests to the number of four

hundred. It was finally accomplished, and they stood in close order at the south end of the Hall, with the remaining crowd looking on as interested spectators. Meanwhile, the town meeting was held in abeyance, awaiting their action.

"Let all who are Tradesmen hold up their hands," said Hancock.

The hands of those at the south end of the Hall went up in a perfect forest, and a few in other parts of the house still showed that a number had been unable to make their way through the crowd.

"Make way for the others who are Tradesmen; let all assemble in a body."

The crowd parted enough to let the half-dozen merchants join their companions.

"Gentlemen," began Hancock, "you have heard read this protest, which purports to represent your sentiments. If this, indeed, be your true opinion, then you consider yourselves aggrieved in not being allowed the sale of tea. Then you consider this meeting protesting against the landing of tea as an infraction upon your just rights. Then you desire that this meeting be adjourned, and that similar meetings be considered as opposed to the commercial in-

terests of Boston. Is this your sentiment, gentlemen? do you agree with this so-called Tradesmen's Protest? All who agree to it say, Aye!"

There was a dead silence.

"All of contrary minds say, No."

A thunderous No shook the house.

"I move," shouted one of the merchants, "that this so-called Protest, its authors, printers, and all circulating it, deserve the denunciation of this Assembly. I move that it is unauthorized, that it misrepresents the Tradesmen of Boston, and that the paper itself, and those who have made and circulated it, are base, false, scandalous, and opposed to the liberty of our people."

"I second the motion," cried a score of voices, and before the question could be put to the house, the merchants passed it with a thunderous Aye!

"I move," said another, "that it is the just expectation of the town, that no one of its merchants shall under any pretext whatever import any tea liable to duty."

"I second the motion," cried another.

"Do you hear the motion, gentlemen? Are there any remarks?" asked Hancock.

"Mr. Moderator!" called a voice from the gallery.

John looked, and there, just behind him, stood Mr. Goodrich.

"Mr. Moderator, I desire to make some remarks."

"Will the gentleman state his name?"

"Goodrich, a merchant, sir."

"If the gentleman is a merchant, why did he not take his place with the other merchants on the floor?"

"Because I desire no part nor lot in these proceedings!"

"A point of order, Mr. Chairman," a voice called from the floor; "if the gentleman desires to take no part in these proceedings, he had better be still."

A shout of approval followed this sentence.

"Order, gentlemen," said Hancock; "the point is not well taken. We have no right to command the citizens of Boston to occupy any given part of this house, and the gentleman has a right to be heard, if he so desires, upon the question which is now before the House."

"I denounce this motion," said Mr. Goodrich, "as unauthorized and tyrannical. What business is it of this meeting whether merchants do or do not sell tea? What right has any other man to say how I shall conduct my business? You complain of the

tyranny of King George! What is that to the tyranny which this Assembly would place upon the citizens who do not agree with it? What right has any man to say whether I shall import tea or not? I shall not import it, if I have not reason to believe the people want it, and if the gentlemen who are so ready to pass this resolution do not want tea, they need not buy it. It is at my own risk of sale, and if I find those who are willing to buy it, and pay their money for it, I claim the right to do it. No man or assembly of men has any right to say how I shall conduct my business."

Mr. Goodrich sat down, pale and shaking with excitement. There was a faint murmur of approval, but signs also of impatience and one or two hisses.

"Mr. Chairman," called a merchant, "the rights which a man has as an individual are one thing, the rights which he has as a citizen of a community are another. Every man's rights are circumscribed by the rights of his neighbors and the rights of the body politic, and those rights vary with political exigencies. What has been my right in other days is not my right now. Not because of any harm there is in tea, but because of the principle which tea represents. We stand upon that principle!"

"Principle!" shouted Goodrich. "And what do you call principle? This is a company of smugglers and law-breakers. You who call yourselves Patriots are really using a fine phrase to cover your law-breaking. Do I not know that smuggling has become a fine art among you? I can point out in this Assembly, and call by name, many a man who votes here to-day on what he calls principle, who takes his place as an honest tradesman, protesting against oppression and in favor of the rights of the people of Boston, who is really nothing more nor less than a smuggler, gaining every penny he can of import duty by fair means or foul. When he may not save his threepence a pound by smuggling in his tea and selling it upon the sly, he foments a popular disturbance, calls out a mob on Guy Fawkes Day, posts his nefarious placards in the night, thrusts his threatening letters into doorways at midnight, and all for the sake of threepence a pound."

"You lie! you lie!" cried many voices from the floor.

"I lie, do I? Do you deny that you smuggle? Who was Dan Malcolm buried yonder on Copp's Hill, in his stone grave ten feet deep, on whose stone you

have placed the inscription, 'He was a true Son of Liberty, a Friend to the Publick, an Enemy of Oppression and one of the foremost in opposing the Revenue Acts on America?' Why did he oppose those revenue acts? Because he was a smuggler.

"'No man 'ere feels the halter draw
With good opinion of the law.'

No wonder the revenue laws are unpopular in this company! Who is your moderator? John Hancock! And who is John Hancock ——"

"Put him out! put him out!" shouted the crowd.

"Aye, aye, you put me out because you do not like the truth," cried Goodrich. "You know that what I say is true!"

"Gentlemen," said Hancock, "come to order; let us have free speech here."

Yet it was evident that Hancock was somewhat uncomfortable under the lash of Goodrich's tongue.

"Oh, put me out!" said Goodrich. "That will be free speech, that will be a fine protest against tyranny, that will show how much this Assembly believes in individual liberty! Yes, yes, put me out; but you shall hear the truth. You are smugglers, law-breakers,

traitors, and your boasted patriotism is a sham and a fraud!"

The crowd caught the unpopular speaker and bore him away.

"For shame!" cried John Farwell. "Can you not hear his speech? Let him have his word."

There were others who said the same, but the temper of the audience was manifestly of a different sort. Protesting and uttering his words of denunciation all the way, the offending speaker was borne from the gallery and down the stairs, the officers interposing between him and his angry opponents and taking him out to prevent further disturbance of the meeting.

"There is a little truth," said John, "in what Mather Byles said of the intolerance and tyranny of this Assembly. These men have little patience with those who do not agree with them."

"Aye," said Tom, "they are in no frame of mind to be trifled with. They are in desperate earnest."

"Mr. Chairman," cried a merchant, "our worthy brethren of Philadelphia are as justly alarmed as we at the proposal of the East India Company to ship hither a cargo of tea. They have already passed a

series of resolutions, which I move for our adoption here. I will read them: —

"*Resolved*, That the disposal of their own property is the inherent right of freemen; that there can be no property in that which another can, of right, take from us without our consent; that the claim of Parliament to tax America is, in other words, to claim a right to levy contributions at pleasure.

II. That the duty, imposed by Parliament upon tea landed in America, is a tax upon the Americans; or levying contributions on them without their consent.

III. That the express purpose for which the tax is levied on the Americans, namely, for the support of the government, administration of justice, and the defence of His Majesty's dominions in America, has a direct tendency to render assemblies useless and to introduce arbitrary government and slavery.

IV. That a virtuous and steady opposition to this ministerial plan of governing America is absolutely necessary to preserve even the shadow of liberty, and it is a duty which every free man in America owes to his country, to himself, and his posterity.

V. That the resolution lately agreed to by the East India Company, to send out their tea to America, subjected to payment of duties on its being landed here, is an open attempt to enforce the ministerial plan, and a violent attack upon the liberties of America.

VI. That it is the duty of every American to oppose the attempt.

VII. That whoever shall, directly, or indirectly, countenance this attempt, or in any wise aid or abet in unloading, receiving or vending the tea sent, or to be sent out, by the East India Company, while it remains subject to a duty here, is an enemy of America."

There was a very brief discussion over the Resolutions.

"I move that to the foregoing Resolutions we add the following: —

"That a committee be immediately chosen to wait on those gentlemen who, it is reported, are appointed by the East India Company to receive and sell said tea, and request them, from a regard to their own characters, and the peace and good order of this Town and Province, immediately to resign their appointments."

"The motion is carried," said the Moderator. "And lest any one shall say that this is an unauthorized meeting, I appoint as a committee to wait upon the consignees — "

"The Moderator!" called out a voice from the floor.

"Hancock!" shouted others.

William Cooper rose from his place. "All who favor the nomination of the Moderator of the meeting as chairman of the committee, say Aye! Contrary, No!"

"Aye! Aye!" shouted the crowd.

"I thank you, gentlemen," said Hancock. "The Moderator, then, the Selectmen of the Town, Mr. Henderson Inches, and Benjamin Austin, Esq., shall constitute this committee. The meeting —"

"Mr. Moderator," called another man from the floor, "it has been said here to-day that the merchants of this town are not sincere in their professions of unwillingness to sell the tea. We have every reason to believe that the East India Company believe them insincere, or they would not so persist in their determination to ship their tea here. I make no doubt that tea has been sold surreptitiously, even by those who have pledged themselves not to do so. The real trouble is with the merchants."

"Nay," called a merchant, "the real trouble is with the people, who, laying the burden on the merchants, insist that the merchant shall sell it, just a little for friendship's sake, and threaten often to make their purchases at other shops, if the merchant will not accommodate them."

"Mr. Moderator," said another man, "the good name of Boston is at stake. This is not a local matter; all the Colonies are interested in it. We have passed our resolutions to-day in the language of Philadelphia. Our friends in South Carolina and Virginia are at one also. We must stand fully abreast with them. We cannot afford it to be said that personal friendship, or desire for patronage, or any other consideration, prevents our doing our duty as citizens. At most of our gatherings tradesmen have not been present in large numbers, but on this holiday we have an unusual representation of them. The shops are closed to-day, and merchants have come hither, knowing this to be a regular town meeting, and therefore they may act themselves in this matter. I have written, and present for your adoption, the following preamble and resolution: —

"*Whereas*, the merchants of this Continent did enter into an agreement to withhold the importation of teas until the duty laid thereon should be repealed, which agreement, as we are informed, has been punctually observed by the respectable merchants in the Southern Colonies, while, by reason of the peculiar circumstances attending the trade of this place, some quantities, tho' very small in proportion to what had been

usual before said agreement, have been imported by some of the merchants here. And, whereas, it now appears probable to this Town that the British administration have taken encouragement, even from such small importations, to grant licenses to the East India Company, as aforesaid, therefore, —

"*Resolved*, That it is the determination of this Town, by all means in their power, to prevent the sale of teas exported by the East India Company, and as the merchants here have generally opposed this measure, it is the just expectation of the inhabitants of this Town that no one of them will, upon any pretext whatever, import any tea that shall be liable to pay the duty from this time, and until the Act imposing the same shall be repealed."

"Those in favor of the Resolution will say, Aye," said Hancock.

The motion was passed, though without quite the heartiness which had accompanied the previous actions of the body. The meeting then adjourned until three o'clock, and the boys followed the crowd out into the open air.

CHAPTER XVI

A LIBERTY RIOT

"PUT on your things, Mrs. Goodrich, and you, Prudence, run upstairs and dress in your best, and let us go out for a call," said Mr. Goodrich, one evening.

"A rather sudden proposition! You should have given us warning, father," said Mrs. Goodrich. "Where are you going?"

"To the Clarkes. Young Jonathan Clarke is just returned from London, and a few of the friends will be gathered there to meet him and hear of his journey, and wish him joy of his safe return. Come, Prudence; be you ready in a jiffy."

"You men give very little thought to the necessity of preparation on the part of a woman," said Mrs. Goodrich.

"Ah, well, and why should you need preparation? You look well enough without your wimples and crisping-pins and patches and powdered hair, your high-

heeled shoes and other nonsense. But look your best; I will wait fifteen minutes, and then over we go."

A woman's toilet was a thing that required no little preparation in those days, and not a few women would have been dismayed at the necessity of preparing for a call on such short notice; but the Goodriches were accustomed to somewhat sudden demands on the part of Mr. Goodrich, and as for Prudence, she was ready to accept an invitation at almost any moment.

"The Clarkes are a very respectable family," said Mrs. Goodrich, as they passed down Ann Street together.

"Aye, none better in the town; old and well connected; family prosperous, too, though I have little use for the alliance they have contracted — think of old Richard Clarke marrying his daughter to that man — what is his name?"

"Copley."

"Copley, yes! And who is Copley? A painter; and not even a painter of barns and ships and other things useful, but a painter of pictures, and likely to be a poor beggar, I warrant, if Clarke does not feed him. He might far better have married his daughter to a merchant, or a well-to-do man in some station."

"Perhaps the father had not much to do about it," suggested Prudence, playfully; "girls have ways of taking things of that sort in their own hands."

"Yes, and they make a mess of it when they do."

"But, father, a girl should marry the man she loves."

"Love! What does a girl know about love? A girl should marry where she may have a good home and a proper station in life, and be connected with a family of some distinction and weight."

"I am not so sure of that," said Prudence.

"Of course all these things are desirable," said Mrs. Goodrich, "but still you don't think those are the only considerations, do you, husband?"

"The only ones worth talking about," said he. "When my daughter comes to think of marrying, we will have no foolish talk of love and poetry and birds and flowers, and all such trash. She shall marry a man of proper station, a man with a suitable income, a man of family and social distinction. Were she two years older, or Clarke's son a little younger, I should think an alliance with the house of Clarke a very proper match."

"Oh, father," said Mrs. Goodrich, "don't be put-

ting such ideas into Prudence's head. She is only a child yet."

"Oh, well, she is sixteen, and girls think much of such things when they are sixteen."

"I don't think they do, very much," said Prudence. "Of course we like a good time, and we think sometimes of what there may be in store for us, but I am quite content to be at home with mother and you, and be at my books awhile longer."

"That is all very well, and we are in no hurry to get you off our hands; but when the time comes, mind you, we will have no nonsense."

"If you are in any hurry, father," said Prudence, playfully, "I am sorry, for I do not see that I can help you. It will not be leap year for three years, and I am helpless till then."

"I have not said that I wanted to be rid of you," replied her father. "Our home would be a very lonely one without our saucy Prue; but I am only thinking about the future, as a father should; and I think, not so much of the man, as of the family. As for the man, you can't tell what is in him, or what he will do; but as for the family, you know something, and so far you are safe. Now there is

the Morris family. Fine old family! Eliphalet Morris was a leather dealer on Fleet Street when my father was a lad; then came his son Hezekiah, who followed his father's calling. He married late in life, and has one son, a rather likely fellow, too, he seemed to be. I liked the way he acted at your little party the other night. A very likely lad, and he will inherit, one day, his father's business, as like as not, and Boston has a great future in the leather business."

"He smells of leather," said Prue.

"The smell of leather is not bad," said her father, "and there is money in it. People may drink tea, or not drink it; they may buy silk or dress in wool or cotton; they may buy books or go without reading, but shoes they must have."

"The shoes are well enough," answered Prudence, "but I want but one pair at present, and not another pair with a man in them."

"You will get over that idea one of these fine days; eh, mother?"

Mr. Goodrich was disposed to be facetious this evening, but even in his jokes there was a suggestion of his overbearing disposition.

"I think it quite well enough to wait until Prudence

is a little older, and let her get over her present feeling, as you say, by a natural growth into womanhood rather than too soon putting such ideas into her head," said Mrs. Goodrich.

"Oh, I mean no harm; I am only looking out for the future, as a prudent father should; for all the prudence Prudence has is in her name, and it is I who have the grace, or there is none at all in our family," said Mr. Goodrich. "Young Morris will be at the little gathering this evening, I make no doubt, with his father."

"He might better stay home and study; he belongs to the Latin School," said Prudence. "He is a conceited young prig, and I love him little."

"And now you talk like the silly girl you are," said her father. "I have seen but little of the lad, though I like him well enough what I have seen of him, but I like his father well and have known him these many years."

"I will never love a man for his father's sake," said Prudence.

"I am not asking you to love him," testily cried her father. "I want no nonsense about it at all. I am telling you not to be silly, that is all. If he is civil to you, you need not be rude to him, need you?"

"Of course not."

"Well, that is all I want."

"If that is all you want, that is enough, and I will very gladly do it, but I had an idea it was more you wanted."

"Oh, well, I am only saying, don't be a goose, but a sensible girl, that is all."

"When you tell me to be sensible, you mean that I shall go out hunting for some young man with money to make love to me, do you?"

"Ah, Prudence, Prudence, you vex my life with your stupidity. Must I spell everything out for you in words of one syllable? Can't you understand that I am merely looking out for your interests, or do you want to go and fall in love with some apprentice or other, some rope-maker, some housewright like that young, noisy fellow that I turned out of my house the other night?"

Prudence winced a little at this reference to an unpleasant subject.

"I would rather you would say nothing about that," said she; "I don't like to think about it."

"And why don't you like to think about it?"

"Because — because —"

"Well, because why?"

"Because I don't think you were quite polite to him, father!"

"What do you mean by talking so to me?"

"I did not want to talk so to you, father, but you made me."

"Come, come, husband, this won't do; see, we are at the house. Prudence, my dear, brush up your hair a little on this side! There, you look very well. Is my bonnet on straight?"

And so they passed through the gate and up to the house.

The elder Clarke met them at the door, affable, dignified, and hospitable.

"Good evening, Mr. Goodrich! Good evening, madam! And this is your daughter! Ah, well, I should have known her, but these young lads and wenches grow up so fast these days one can't keep them all in mind. A fine girl you have there, Goodrich; and, having a handsome woman for your wife, your daughter is better looking than one would think who only knew her father! Pass in, Mrs. Goodrich, and lay by your things. You will meet the ladies within. Yes, yes, a happy occasion most truly. My

son has been crossing the ocean. It is a weary journey and an uncertain one."

"We rejoice with you in his return."

"We are thankful indeed to have him back again, and glad of the news he brings us from the other side."

"What news?"

"The Ministry, it seems, is done with the trifling policy it has employed hitherto. I contend, and have contended all the while, that if the Government would but once set on a policy and firmly adhere to it, whatever that policy might be, it would be the better in the end for America."

"You are right. The Ministry needs firmness."

"It is because they have sometimes vacillated, frightened too easily by mere makers of noise, that we have no policy, and at each suggestion of a forward movement in politics or commerce, up jumps the mob, and, lo, the Ministry, terrified, stops to reconsider its past action, and suddenly we find ourselves again helpless and drifting. My son brings the word that the Ministry has had enough of this, and that they say His Majesty himself leads in demanding that some vigorous move shall be made in favor of a definite programme for America."

"Tea is to come to us, and we will have no more nonsense about drinking or not drinking, selling or not selling. Aye, tea will come, and those who want it not, need not buy it, and those who want it may have it, and there is an end on't."

"I have ever contended that this is the true course. I said so in public recently."

"I hear you made a speech the other day at Faneuil Hall? Aye, and a good one they say it was! But what a pity that a mob such as held the Hall should disgrace the Hall, and then call its gathering a Town Meeting! But I think we have come to the end of that sort of business. I am confident the King has had enough of it."

"You have a full house this evening. And here come others."

"Come in! come in! This is my son, Jonathan. Jonathan, you know Mr. Goodrich, who comes to greet you and brings his wife and daughter to take your hand. These other friends you know, — Mr. Morris and his wife and their son. My son-in-law, Mr. Copley; Mr. Benjamin Faneuil you know well; Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, Jr., the Governor's son; and his brother also, — ah, yes, you know them all; there is

no use of introductions in a company where you are so much at home. Come in, and let us join the ladies. Ladies, I greet you all, and wish you joy this evening!"

Mrs. Clarke was seated at a little table, preparing the tea. She tapped a bell, and a servant brought in a teapot and the steaming kettle of hot water.

"Come hither, Prudence," she said; "I must press you into service, — and you, too, Job! Come, you shall pass the sugar and the cream."

Prudence colored and hesitated.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but I would rather not!"

"Prudence! why, Prudence!" said her mother.

"Prudence!" said her father, "beware!"

"Surely, you will not deny me?" said Mrs. Clarke.

"I would deny you nothing, Mrs. Clarke," said Prudence, "but this is something that I cannot do. I belong to the Daughters of Liberty."[1]

[1] The young women of Boston, following the example of their mothers, had subscribed to the following pledge: "We the daughters of those Patriots who have and do now appear for the public interest, and in that principle regard their attitude as such, do with pleasure engage with them in depriving ourselves the drinking of foreign tea in hopes to frustrate the plans that tend to deprive a whole country of all that is valuable in life."

"A Daughter of Liberty!" said Job Morris. "Ah, Miss Prudence, I thought you had more sense!"

"And who, sir," demanded Prudence, "gave you the right to pass judgment upon my sense or lack of it?"

"Oh, no one, for that matter; but a man has a right to an opinion, I suppose!"

"Yes, and a right to keep it to himself until called for."

"Prudence!" said her father, in a hoarse whisper, "I am ashamed of you!"

"Prudence, my dear," said her mother, coming to her side, "I am very, very sorry; you are causing me great pain, my daughter."

"Oh, never mind, never mind," said Mr. Clarke; "the young folk seem to be having things all their own way just now. If she does not want to pass the tea, let her have her will. Where is Mrs. Copley? Here, my daughter, you will obey your father under his own roof, though you have gone out from it. Come help your mother in the passing of the tea."

Mr. Clarke was in a happy mood this evening, and little in mind for any unpleasantness.

"The way these young people assert their rights,"

said he, with a somewhat unnatural levity, "is a warning to us old people, Mr. Goodrich. There is a verse in the Bible somewhere that says, 'Woe unto the land when thy king is a child!' We are coming very near that time, it seems to me. These fellows that are making this disturbance about the tea are young fellows, almost every one of them. To my certain knowledge, some of the ringleaders in this movement are beardless boys."

"There are Adams, Hancock, Molineux, and Warren," said Faneuil.

"Yes, I know, but none of them are old, and their followers are apprentices, and boys like Job here in the Latin School. Young fellows of that sort! Why, would you believe it, the very ones who brought about the letters summoning us to meet at the Liberty Tree to resign were lads not older than Job! How do I know? How, indeed! I caught one of them. Caught him? Yes, and had him here in the house a prisoner."

"What did you do with him?" asked Hutchinson.

"I shut him up and set the servants to guard him, one inside the room and one out, and took away the ladder and had the window fastened. I thought he

was in as tight a box as ever a prisoner need be in, but in the morning he was gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, and in a way that showed a wise head as well as nimble legs. While the servants slept, — lazy fellows that they were, fooled to sleep by his pretence, — he clambered into the attic. I was alone in the house that night, my other son being absent, and I had to trust him to the servants. I was angry enough at being called out of bed to have watched with him myself, aye, and to have flogged him too; but I turned him over to them, and they let him go. The dolts, though I make little doubt he would have gotten away somehow had they stayed awake. Would you believe it, he made his way down from the very top of the house!"

"How did he do it?"

"With some bits of straps he found in the attic. He let himself out of the north gable, where his companion raised a short ladder. When the servants saw them escaping, they declared the other one not a bit taller; indeed, they did not think him so tall as the one we had held a prisoner."

"Two shrewd lads they must have been," said Faneuil.

"Shrewd? aye. I laughed at the escapade myself, when I had time to think it over, though I was angry enough at the time, — aye, and am angry still if I catch sight of the young villain; for, much as I admire his shrewdness, I count him the more dangerous because of it."

"You would know him if you saw him?"

"Know him? Yes, right well. I had a full look in his face with the candle while I questioned him as to his name."

"What was his name?" asked Mr. Goodrich.

"He would not tell."

"Could you not force it from him?"

"No; nor anything else."

"What kind of looking fellow was he?" asked Job.

"A rather tall young fellow, sixteen or seventeen, maybe, with gray eyes and brownish hair, a rather handsome-looking fellow — an apprentice, I took it."

Prudence flushed deeper at the description, but paled at Job's next word.

"I know his name, Mr. Clarke, I know his name. I know both of them. Their names are ——"

Just at this moment a loud yell rose from the yard, and a servant came rushing in.

"Massa Cla'ke, Massa Cla'ke," he said, "there is gwine t' be trouble heah right straight off. De whole ya'd is full of men, and they want t' see you and Massa Jonathan and the gen'men Hutchinson, and Massa Ben Funnell!"

"What, what!" said Clarke; "may we not be free one minute from this incessant mob! Ah, Goodrich, and I was joking about this just a minute ago, treating it as a light thing. It is no joke to me, I can tell you. It has gone too far! Let me get hold of one of the rascals, and especially one of those who came here before, and I will wring his neck like a chicken. Hello there," he called through the door, "what do you want? what are you doing here?"

"We want to know about the tea," demanded the crowd.

"Well, and what about it?"

"We want the tea factors to promise to ship back the tea to England without unloading."

"Begone, and mind your own business," called one of the Hutchinsons; "what business have you idlers to be here? Begone! return to your homes!"

At this moment a stone was thrown which struck

"MASSA CLA'KE! MASSA CLA'KE!"

against the door; then came another, breaking a pane of glass.

"Close the door and bar it quickly! Bar the windows, too. Goodrich, you have been sick; you are in no condition to bear this. Get the women out of this. Hurry them out at the back door. No, no; the back yard is full of them. Up the stairs, quickly, up to the attic; for they will be casting stones through the windows on the next floor! To the attic, quick!"

The women were hurried upstairs, and none too soon. Volleys of missiles were hurled against the house. Every unprotected pane of glass was broken. Heavy stones came through and struck against the imported wall-paper and scratched the Chippendale furniture.

"Arms! arms! Bring us our weapons!" called the younger Clarke.

"Be careful how you use them," said Hutchinson. "Nay, nay, be not too hasty; do not fire until it is necessary."

Unmindful of this warning, however, some one fired a pistol out of an upper window into the crowd below. There was a momentary lull, and then the noise redoubled. Horns were blowing, men were

shouting, recruits were arriving from all over town. Stones were beating in at the open windows and pounding heavily against the side of the house. The crowd seemed determined to raze it to the foundations. The besiegers had lost all reason and conscience, and the men within had lost power either to alarm or reassure them.

"Peace, peace!" cried an authoritative voice from School Street.

"Aye, peace! Who calls peace when there is no peace?" answered some one in the crowd.

"They would murder us!" cried another.

"They have shot at us. They would kill us as they did in King Street!"

"Remember the fifth of March!"

"Silence!"

"It is Sam Adams," said some one; "and John Hancock is with him!"

"Stay! Stay!" cried Hancock. "Do you forget what you were doing?"

"They would murder us," cried some one.

"My countrymen," said Adams, "this must not be. Let not unlawful deeds stir you to lawlessness like this. Let us carry our ends by lawful means, if we

may. You will make us all trouble and defeat the very ends which you seek to promote. Disperse and go quietly to your homes!"

The crowd slowly and reluctantly began to scatter. The inmates of the house went again to the windows.

"Look," said Clarke, "there is the boy!"

"What? where?"

"That apprentice boy yonder, and there is the other beside him with the lantern!"

"I know them well," said Job; "they are the very ones. John Farwell is the tall one, and the other is Tom Lawson."

"I will remember the names," said Mr. Clarke. "I will make them trouble yet! My son, go up the ladder to the attic and tell the ladies they may now come down, but I fear we must send you to your own homes; we have no place where we can receive you now! See how the miscreants have broken things; there is hardly a whole pane of glass in the house, and the glassware and the china and the furniture are well-nigh ruined. And this is what they call liberty! Aye, the rascals! I would like to have liberty to hang every tenth man of them, and some one to flog the other nine at the whipping-post.

But go, Jonathan, and bring down the ladies, and mind, they don't fall getting down the ladder."

The ladies very willingly descended from the attic, but as they were turning to leave, Prudence asked:

"Was it from this window that the boy climbed down?"

CHAPTER XVII

BEHIND THE OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE

It was a Thursday afternoon. The raw November wind blew fresh from the east, but the sun shone pleasantly. A group of four boys, two of them apprentices and the others lads from the Latin School, gathered in the rear of the Old South Meeting-house, sheltered from the wind by an adjacent shed, and warmed by the fast-descending sun.

"It is near time for the lecture to begin," said John Farwell. "Shall we go within?"

"You may, if you like," Will Sewall replied, "but I shall not go within to-day."

"Who is to give the lecture, Mr. Hunt or Mr. Bacon?"

"Mr. Bacon, and I care not to hear him."

"Nor I; I like not a Tory," said John.

The Thursday lecture was really a sermon, and had been for many years a regular institution in Boston.

For it the Latin School adjourned, and many business establishments closed. But not all the boys thus released chose to attend. Political questions were agitating the public mind, and there was much for the boys to talk about when they came together.

The Old South at this time had two young pastors, only recently settled. Their joint call had been a compromise between the more liberal element and the lovers of the conservative doctrine, who had grown somewhat suspicious of the views taught at Cambridge. It proved a short and not altogether happy pastorate. Mr. Hunt, a graduate of Harvard, proved a conservative in doctrine, but more liberal in politics; and Mr. Bacon, who came from Princeton, proved lax in his doctrinal views, as the Old South then counted laxness, and was suspected of being a Tory. Moreover, the man who was mild in his theology was stern and controversial in his manner; and the man whose views of doctrine were hardest was sympathetic and persuasive. So there were few among the more patriotic lads who cared to hear Mr. Bacon. There were many, however, who declared that Mr. Bacon was no Tory, and that the impression had grown out of a mistake that he had made early in his pastorate, in reading a

proclamation of Governor Hutchinson as soon as it was received, instead of holding it over for a week. Governor Hutchinson's proclamations were not treated with any more respect than was necessary in those days, and the minister who gave them undue prominence or read them with needless promptness laid himself open to suspicion at once.

"I suppose I ought to go in," said John. "My master, Mr. Crane, dismisses us that we may attend lecture."

"I'll not be lectured by a Tory, John."

"You would do well then to quit the Latin School; for, beshrew me, if there be a worse Tory on one of the three hills than Gaffer Lovell," retorted Tom Lawson.

The Latin School boys made no reply, for their master's irate temper and his sympathies with the Crown were well known to them, but while they admitted his failings among themselves they held him in respect, and were loath to acknowledge his faults outside.

"Be that as it may," said Will at length, "I'll have no Tory with my religion."

"Here comes Job Morris," he continued. "He's no friend of yours, John, I take it."

"Nor of Tom's, if the Frog Pond were to tell the secrets at its bottom," said John.

Job Morris here joined the group. He spoke civilly to the Latin School boys, but glowered angrily at John and Tom. His coming brought a moment of silence, and then Will spoke.

"They'll send no tea to Boston, I'll lay a wager," said he.

"Be not so sure of that," replied Tom. "The ships are on the way."

"How do you know that?" demanded the boys together.

"The Committee of Correspondence have sent out a letter to surrounding towns, warning them that the ships are on the way."

The printer lad was now the centre of interest.

"Tell us all you know, Tom," they cried. "If the ships are coming, let us know the worst."

"I supposed you knew," said Tom. "It's no secret; the town will know to-morrow. The Committees of Correspondence of other towns were gathered here the night before last, and agreed upon a letter to be sent out. They brought it to us yesterday at Edes & Gill's. We printed it at once. They

would hardly wait for the ink to dry; and last night the letter, signed by William Cooper, Town Clerk, was sent forth to all the towns about."

"What did it say?"

"It said much. Chiefly what I tell you, that the tea-ships are on the way."

"How many?"

"The letter did not say."

"Have you the letter?"

"Not I."

"I wish we might see it."

"There hangs a proof in the office."

"Get it, Tom, and let us see it."

"I fear Mr. Gill would not like it."

"He cares not, and you can replace it."

Will and John did not urge him. "I do not know, lads," Will said, "whether he ought to do it."

"Who will know?" asked George Cook.

"Hold on," said Tom, "I like not your bickering. If 'twere a secret, wild horses should not draw it from me. But I think it is nothing that may not be known. Let me go to the office. Mr. Edes, I think, is still there. I will ask him if I may take it. If he says no, mind you, I'll not touch it."

"Much conscience you have for a printer's devil," cried Job.

"Be still there!" said John. "The service begins."

Within they could hear the singing as the service opened.

"Haste, Tom, and fetch yon paper if you may," said Will, "for we want to see it; but betray no secrets, for we can wait if need be."

"Trust me for that," said Tom.

"We'll await you here," John concluded.

Tom ran through Spring Lane and Williams Court, past the Bell-in-hand, and across Court Street to the little alley, now known as Franklin Avenue but once called Dorsett's Alley, and again regarded as part of Brattle Street. There stood the printing-office which was even then historic. As early as 1718 it had been a print-shop. Here, a few years later, Benjamin Franklin worked in the office of his brother, setting his types by day, writing his first contributions for the paper by night, and slipping them under the office door to conceal their authorship from his brother. There now stood the office of Edes & Gill, both stanch patriots, who printed the *Gazette*. Through this paper Adams, Warren,

Otis, and Quincy proclaimed their views, and from this shop were sent forth the broadsides of the Committee of Correspondence.

Tom was not gone long. Soon the boys waiting behind the meeting-house saw him running across from Spring Lane.

"He does not have it," said John.

"Nay, he has it, for he comes running," said Will.

"Did you fetch it?" the boys asked in a breath.

"I did, indeed," said Tom.

"How did you get it?" asked George.

"I found Mr. Gill there, who asked me what I sought, and why I was not at lecture. I told him what I wanted, and he said it was no secret, and I might take the proof. He said, moreover, that lads should know what gave their fathers so great concern, for it was for the sake of coming generations, and not their own alone, that men were opposing the coming of the tea."

"So he gave it you?"

"Yes, but charged me to be sure and bring it back, and you to make no noise behind the meeting-house."

"Hold your tongues, lads, and let us read it!"

So Tom produced the long sheet, the others peering over his shoulder, and began to read: —

"'The present posture of affairs engages the attention of all the friends of the happy constitution which our fathers framed, and for many years supported with such wisdom and fortitude as rendered them the admiration of the age in which they lived, and must make their memory glorious in all future time.'"

"That reads well," said Will, "and true it is. I have read of the brave deeds of the fathers of this Colony in the Governor's history."

"Would it had been written by a worthier man," said George.

"Nay, but Governor Hutchinson loves our Colony, and its history is dear to him. My father says that his book will cause all future generations to glow with pride in the achievements of their sires," replied Job.

"Yet he is a Tory."

"And what's a Tory but one who is not a traitor? Governor Hutchinson is no enemy to America. Were not his ancestors loyal to the Colonies?"

"Aye, and troublesome they were, too. Did not

one of them, and she a shrew, bewitch the Colony in the days of Governor Winthrop and Sir Harry Vane?"

"Aye, did she. She lived but across the street, and Governor Winthrop on this lot, and they drew water from the same spring."

"They banished her, did they not?"

"They did. I would they would banish him."

"Banish your talk, lads, and let us hear that paper. Here, give it me. I'll read it."

Will took the paper and read on:—

"'Our rights have been invaded for several years by cruel and remorseless enemies; sometimes they have acted with open violence, at other times they have endeavored by wicked artifice to undermine our constitution.'"

"Aye," interrupted John. "Our liberties are in peril now as they were when Andros took away our charter."

Will proceeded: "'Our fears are now excited by the expectation of the immediate arrival of the *tea*—'"

The word was in italics, and Will read it with emphasis and stopped. At the word which they had been expecting they all grew silent.

"'Immediate arrival of the *tea* shipped for the port of Boston, on account of the East India Company, the landing and selling of which must be attended with consequences the most fatal to our liberties.'"

"Why should it be fatal to anything?" asked Job. "That's what I don't see. What's a cup o' tea more or less, anyhow? If they were trying to enslave us or take our lives or our charter, it were one thing, but I can never see why it is that the drinking of tea should raise such a tempest in a teapot."

"Because it is the one article on which the tax is still demanded," said John.

"But the tax is a trifle. Only threepence a pound. Why should they not pay it, and have done with the trouble?"

"It's not the threepence, Job," said Will. "I have heard that the East India Company is anxious to have the trade in tea resumed, as, in spite of tax and all, it is cheaper here than in London, and the tax is paid by the shipper, besides."

"Then what's so much bother about it for?"

"Because, no matter who pays the tax first, it comes at last from the consumer, and the people

are the more angry at the reduction, for it seems to say that the threepence was all they cared for, and that now the price is made so low they will buy it."

"And they will," said Job.

"Nay, they will not, nor sell it either," said John. "Read on."

Job looked at John angrily, but said no more. Will read on, the letter being discussed as he proceeded, to the end of the official communication. Its last words were: —

"'We think, therefore, gentlemen, that we are in duty bound to use our most strenuous endeavors to ward off the impending evil, and we are sure that upon a fair and cool inquiry into the nature and tendency of this ministerial plan, you will think this tea now coming to us more to be dreaded than plague or pestilence, for these can only destroy our mortal bodies, but we never knew a country *enslaved* without the destruction of their *virtue*, the loss of which every good man must esteem infinitely greater than the loss of life. And we earnestly request that, after having carefully considered this important matter, you would impress upon the minds of your friends, neighbors, and fellow townsmen, the necessity

of exerting themselves in a most zealous and determined manner to save the present and future generations from temporal and (we think we may with seriousness say) eternal destruction.'"

"It was sent out signed by Mr. Cooper," said Tom.

"There's more, is there not?" asked John.

"Yes; Mr. Cooper adds a postscript nigh as long as the letter."

In the postscript the Town Clerk gave a *résumé* of the circumstances attending the sending out of the letter, arising from the knowledge lately acquired by the Committee, concerning the purpose to send the tea and compel its landing; a statement of the amount which the tax would probably take in coin from the Colony; and the common interest of all the towns in the Province in the matter. He ended thus: —

"Now, brethren, we are reduced to this dilemma, either to sit down quiet under this and every other burthen that our enemies shall see fit to lay upon us, as good-natured slaves, or rise and resist this and every plan laid for our destruction, as becomes wise freemen. In this extremity we earnestly request your advice, and that you give us the earliest intelli-

gence of the sense your several towns have of the present gloomy situation of our public affairs."

"That rings true!" cried John.

"It sounds like treason," said Job Morris.

"What said Patrick Henry concerning the Stamp Act?" asked John, and then quoted, "'If this be treason, make the most of it!'"

"Job Morris," said Tom, "you are a Tory."

"I am loyal to my King and country."

"America is my country," continued Will, "and I am loyal to the King, till he prove disloyal to us."

"Have a care what you say," Job retorted.

"If you like it not, listen not, but go within and hear yon Tory parson preach. Or stay, go where Mather Byles discourses his wit and politics together."

"I'll go to neither, but I'll leave this company. I like not yon letter, no more do I like your talk."

"Go then, and good riddance," said Tom.

"Give me no sauce, young printer's imp, or I'll blacken your eyes till they match your inky nose."

"Nay, lads, quarrel not," said Will. "If Job likes us not, let him leave. We can spare him. But save your fists for the lobsters."

With dark looks Job withdrew, and for a while

there was silence. Soon the conversation was resumed, and for a long time they talked in low tones about the coming of the tea.

"The men in the long room above the office say it shall never land," Tom informed them.

"Who are they?" asked Will.

"Adams, Revere, and many more. They meet there at times, and the journeymen of the office often gather there apart."

"And it shall not land!" exclaimed John, hotly.

"Nay, it shall not, but what will you do?" asked Will.

"Pitch it into the harbor!" cried Tom.

"I wish we might. But how can we get to it?"

"I know not. But lads, whatever the men devise, we'll share, will we not? And if they leave it to us, we'll e'en think out a way."

"That's much to say, Tom. It is best not to bluster. But are we all against the landing of the tea?"

There was a common assent.

"And shall we hold together till we see it through?"

All four assented.

"Let us pledge to stand by one another until this is ended, and to plan, if we can, a way to prevent the tea coming ashore."

"It is time to go now, lads. They have risen to sing," said John.

"But first, let me read again this sentence from the letter," and Will read the eloquent sentence concerning the constitution our fathers had framed and supported, the Charter of the Colony, which concluded: "'and for many years supported with such wisdom and fortitude as rendered them the admiration of the age in which they lived, and must make their memory glorious in all future time.'"

"Lads," said he, "there's hard times ahead for the Town and the Province. But to that work which our fathers began, and for which many of them laid down their lives, let us pledge ourselves, whatever may come, our unswerving devotion."

They all assented, just as the closing stanza of the hymn was sung within. And then they stopped a moment; for, while they could not hear, they knew that the benediction followed. Together, as the sun went down, the four boys stood with bowed and uncovered heads until the shuffling of feet began within. And in that moment of silence their loyalty was pledged to the work of their fathers, and a country as yet unborn.

CHAPTER XVIII

A NOISY SABBATH

"It is well that the Sabbath comes now and again to bring rest in these noisy weeks," observed Mrs. Crane at breakfast, one Sabbath morning.

"There has been little rest between Sabbaths," said Crane, "and there will be little in coming weeks, I fear."

"Did you hear what the Council did yesterday?" asked John. "They were in session all day, I hear."

"Yes, they were acting on Mr. Clarke's petition that the Town take possession of the consignees and the tea, and assure them its protection both in person and in property."

"What did the Governor say about it?"

"He wanted the Council to grant the petition."

"Would they do it?"

"They would not. After many hours' debate, they

reminded him by unanimous vote of the occasion of this disturbance, told him that, up to the time of this trouble about the tea, Boston had been free from disturbances of this sort, and the real occasion now of the trouble is the fear of the people that their rights are to be imposed upon by Parliament and the East India Company."

"How did they get round the point of protection?"

"They referred that to the Justices of the Peace, recommending that those who had made the disturbance be prosecuted, and suggested that there would be no trouble in protecting them if they would agree to send back the tea."

"What said the Governor to that?"

"He asked the Council if it did not mean to reply to the petition. The Council made answer that it considered this a sufficient reply."

"But what about the tea?"

"They refused all responsibility for it, disclaiming any authority to take property into their charge for any citizen; and said that if they did, they supposed that would make them personally responsible for it, which responsibility they declined to assume. They said further, that, inasmuch as the landing of the

tea and the taking of it into possession involved the payment of duty, they were unwilling to have a share in it."

"A good answer," said John.

"Yes, but Clarke did not count it so!"

"Nor Mr. Hutchinson either, I warrant!"

"No, indeed, nor any of the Tories, and they talk of seeking protection from the troops in the Castle."

"Things have gone far when the Governor must do so."

"Aye, and things will go farther, if need be, before we are through with this tea business."

"One thing is certain," said John: "it will never come to land."

"Aye," said Crane, "that is certain, but it is big talk for a youngster."

"The youngsters are as interested as their elders," said John.

"Maybe they are, maybe they are," answered Crane. "Ah, well, there will be work enough for young and old, before we are through with this."

It was in this way that Crane talked with his apprentice when they were at ease; but when Crane was driven with his work, he was irritable, unreason-

ably so when worried by public affairs and the late hours which he kept at the secret meetings. Although it was evident that John was growing in his esteem and that he daily liked him better, it was also apparent that he cherished a measure of impatience against him.

John knew perfectly that he had not forgotten the escapade of his first night and his later all-night absence, nor was Crane an easy man to whom to offer an explanation. It was almost impossible to explain to him. One must simply live with him and regain his confidence. John felt that he was regaining it, though he smarted every night when he saw Crane carry the keys away to his own room, or, having left them as he did once or twice, call down to Judy to fetch them to him. Three or four times little things had occurred in the shop which had annoyed him. John had been unskilful in some of the work committed to him, or more slow than Crane thought he ought to be; and the little and trivial matters which Crane would ordinarily have passed over as a thing to be expected in an apprentice, would cause visible displeasure. He never had the slightest occasion for distrust excepting in these two

instances. John knew that, in a certain unreasoning way, Crane always thought of the keys in connection with them. It seemed to him that he took them on the succeeding nights with a little needless display of his lack of confidence.

There were times when John almost forgot this: Crane grew so interested in the weekly reading of the paper and so dependent on John in connection with it. So companionable was he at times, when he sat with John at the fire and trotted the baby on his knee or talked with his wife while John busied himself with a book or some light household task after supper, and laughed so heartily and slapped John on the back so merrily, that but for the keys John could have forgotten there ever having occurred any unpleasantness between him and his master.

And Crane would have forgotten it too, had there been no tangible emblem of his displeasure; the thing that brought it to his mind again every night, and thus daily carried John back through his unpleasant experience, was Crane's nightly solicitude for the keys.

It seemed to John sometimes that he would rather have held those keys again than the sceptre of King

George. The real authority for which they stood was trivial, indeed. They locked up no treasures of wealth, but they represented confidence. No one does his best unless he knows that he is trusted.

It was hard for John to keep from falling back into the sullen condition of his first weeks. There were times when he bitterly resented Crane's conduct toward him; but as Crane made no accusations, and withheld nothing that John had any right to demand, John felt himself powerless to set himself right, save as time might give him opportunity.

John went to his room this Sabbath morning and made his simple preparations for the meeting.

"Meeting time already?" he said in surprise, and just then Crane flung wide the door and demanded, "John, what are those bells ringing for?"

"I do not know, sir," said John, "but there is some trouble."

"Aye, and I half mistrust what it is. Be quick, lad; there will be little meeting going to-day, I fancy."

John struggled into his coat and hurried down the stairs, and he and Crane started together up Common Street. They ran fast at first, until Crane's breath grew short, and then John, though eager to

pass on, slackened his own pace in keeping with Crane's; for he knew that Crane would rather he would stay with him.

They had little need to ask which way to go. Up Common Street to where it became Tremont, down School Street to Marlborough, past the old State House and down King, they followed the crowd that hurried to Long Wharf.

"It is a man-of-war," said one.

"Nay, you fool, she is something worse than that," said another. "Think you a ship with shotted guns could bring such dismay to Boston as yonder vessel brings? She is worse than a warship, man; she is a prison-ship, and she has our liberties bound up in her infernal tea-chests. Would to Heaven she had sunk in mid-ocean!"

"Aye," said another, "and would to Heaven that every pound of tea within her were steeped in molten brimstone and had mingled its odor with flames of the bottomless pit before she had ever sailed past Boston Light."

"What vessel is she?"

"The *Dartmouth*, commanded by Captain Hall."

"I care not who commands her. Who owns her?"

"Francis Rotch, the Quaker!"

"The Quaker!"

"Aye, the Quaker! And would the day had not yet passed when they strung up Quakers on the Common! Quakers have ever been pestilential in this Commonwealth, from the time when their preacher woman walked naked into the meeting-house and Nicholas Upsall defied the town."

"Where is he?"

"Yonder is his warehouse on King Street, but he is not there, I warrant! See, she has dropped anchor yonder under the guns of the Castle! Will her captain dare come to land, think you?"

At this moment the crowd parted, and a figure, dressed in drab and wearing a broad-brimmed hat, made its way down the wharf.

"There he is now; that's Rotch, the Quaker!"

"Stone him! stone him!" called one.

Nervous and visibly anxious, the Quaker made his way to the water-front. He was a well-built young man of twenty-three, and his drab clothing was well fitted and of good material, indicative of a prosperous merchant. He looked across the water toward the Castle, assuring himself of the identity of the ship.

"The good ship has come safe to land, thank God!" said Rotch, turning to Crane, who stood near him.

"Thank the devil, more like," sarcastically cried Crane.

"What does thee mean, friend?" asked Rotch.

"I mean there is little thanks to God, and more to the devil for anything yon ship brings! Would she had gone down at sea!"

"Thee art ever quick at speech, friend Crane," said Rotch; "but what of the good men aboard her, and if thee cares to think of that, what of my money invested in her?"

"Thy money perish with thee!" replied Crane. "And as for the men on board, they are no better than the men on land, whose liberties the King is tramping under foot! Aye, and you useless ship-owners and merchants are helping him by thrusting your tea upon us!"

"But I, friend Crane — I am not to blame. The ship is for the carrying of goods, whatever there be to export, and I have naught to do with their character."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Crane. "Thus Satan deceives the very elect when he teaches them to lie to themselves so skilfully that they deceive themselves."

"What said he?" shouted some one back of them. "Speak louder; we want to hear!"

"He says nonsense and hypocrisy," said Crane.

"It would serve him right did we drop him overboard," broke in some one.

"Aye, pitch him over the wharf!" cried another.

"Let's see if his drab will shrink in salt water!" cried a third.

The crowd pushed forward.

"Hold back, hold back!" said Crane; "let us have none of this. Let us not spoil this fine Sabbath with a murder! We have serious business ahead and plenty of it, and my blood runs hot with yours. The Committee of Correspondence will meet to-day; aye, and there will be a meeting of the Selectmen of the Town."

"Will they meet on the Sabbath?" asked one and another.

"Aye, meet they will; for the Sabbath was made for man!"

"Yes, but not for man's ordinary duties! There are six days in which the Selectmen may hold meetings, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord our God!"

"Be silent!" said Crane. "Have you never read that if an ox or an ass be in a pit, the Sabbath is none too good to get him out? It is more than an ox, to-day; it is our liberties! Aye, and this day is none too sacred to pull them out if we may!"

"Meantime," said one, "this Quaker will have entered the ship at the Custom House, and be landing his tea!"

"Nay, nay, I will not land it on the Sabbath," said Rotch.

"Say that you will not enter the ship at the Collector's," said Crane.

"Nay, I will not until to-morrow," replied Rotch.

"Make it Tuesday," persisted Crane; "for the people's anger runs high."

"Tuesday, then, if you say so. I pledge you my word I will not cause the ship to be entered till Tuesday."

"Make him swear to it," cried some one in the crowd.

"Nay, friend, for the Word of God says, 'Swear not at all.' I give thee the word of an honest man."

"Be satisfied with that," called Crane. "He says he will take no step until Tuesday, and Master Rotch

is an honest man and will keep his word. Make way, now, and let him pass to his home in peace, and see you molest him not. We shall know to-morrow what we ought to do."

"Friend Crane," said Rotch, as they made their way together through the crowd, "thee and thy friends here have great regard for the Sabbath, and much fear lest I break it by any move toward landing the tea. Does it strike thee as the least bit inconsistent that the Sabbath should be too sacred for me to record the safe arrival of my ship, and her readiness to discharge her cargo, but not too sacred for thee and thy friends to spend the day in plotting how they shall prevent her landing?"

"Ah, well," said Crane, "we are too much in earnest to be consistent. No day that God ever made was bad enough for the landing of your infernal tea, and none too good to prevent it."

"I should not have landed it upon the Sabbath, in any case," said Rotch; "but I only wonder a little that they think it necessary for me to give my word, while they go on and spend the day in meetings of the Selectmen and in gatherings held behind closed doors, and all for the glory of God."

"Hark you, friend Rotch," said Crane, "I have no breath to spend in argument with you. That tea shall not come to land. I would burn your vessel to the water's edge, were seven Sabbaths rolled into one, before I would see a chest of it set on Long Wharf."

The Selectmen were in session all that Sabbath day until nine o'clock that night. Repeatedly they sent their demands to the Hutchinsons and the Clarkes that the tea should be reshipped to London. It was agreed that the tea should not land, but beyond that no decision was reached.

A few people gathered in the meeting-houses of the town, but most of its citizens collected in little knots upon the corner, their voices now rising in angry discussion, then modulated when they remembered it was the Sabbath, and all day Long Wharf was thronged.

In the afternoon, the Bradlees, with Gammel, and Bolter, and other neighbors and employees of Crane, held a secret meeting in the carpenter shop. John was only a lad, and was not admitted, save to take them in some light refreshment.

There was a meeting at the Green Dragon, too,

that evening; and what was done there was not known. A similar meeting was held in the long room above the printing-office, and the older men of the shop were gathered there with Adams and Revere.

John and Tom were sitting together in the office, late in the afternoon, when Mr. Edes came out and handed Tom a written and corrected sheet.

"Set this up in good bold type, and run it upon the press, but mind you date it to-morrow."

Tom went to the case, and John stood beside him holding the copy that bore marks of the handwriting of several men in its interlineations and erasures, and read to him the phrases as Tom put them into type.

Friends! Brethren! Countrymen! That worst of plagues, the detested tea, shipped for this port by the East India Company, is now arrived in this harbor; the hour of destruction or manly opposition to the machinations of tyranny stares you in the face; every friend to his country, to himself, and posterity, is now called to meet at Faneuil Hall at nine o'clock this day (at which time the bells will ring), to make a united and successful resistance to this last, worst, and most destructive measure of administration.

BOSTON, *November* 29, 1773.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY

"SHALL we go to work this morning?" asked John Farwell of his master.

"No, there is no work to-day," said Crane. "Let every man who loves his country now be in the heart of the town, for we can little tell what this day may bring forth."

"Be careful, John," said his wife, "what you do to-day, for you had ever a quick temper, though a kind heart!"

"Just like you, dear Mehitable! Great love you have for your husband, but little confidence in his judgment!"

"I have every confidence in you, my dear," said she, "only I wish that no sudden burst of passion may carry you off your feet!"

"I will see to that," said Crane.

"Aye, be prudent!" said she.

"Prudent!" cried Crane. "Prudence is the one thing not necessary now! We are killed with prudence! The old men and the rich men and the prosperous men are well-nigh all prudent! It is only the youngsters like John here, and a few hot heads like this quick and passionate old husband of yours, with a sprinkling of level-headed men like Adams and Hancock and the rest, that hold the destinies of this Commonwealth in their hands at this hour!"

"Nevertheless," said she, "I count prudence one of the first virtues."

"So it is," said Crane, "save in emergencies like this; then Prudence may better tuck itself away in bed, while Valor walks forth with sword in hand!— Have you broken your fast, young fellow?"

"Aye," said John; "I have had enough to eat."

"Best eat for two meals, for there is little likelihood that you will get back for noon. The bells will ring at nine o'clock for a meeting in Faneuil Hall, but we had best get down there or we will find no room."

There was little need to ring the bells that morning, for Faneuil Hall was packed, both floor and

gallery, long before the clock struck the hour of nine. Meeting was called to order immediately, but the crowd outside was so much larger than that within, that immediate adjournment was had to the Old South Meeting-house, which, from that day forth till the end of the controversy about the tea, was the place of the public meetings.

Noble Old South! She still stands on the old historic lot which, in the first settlement of Boston, constituted the homestead of Governor John Winthrop. Noble monument to the religious and patriotic spirit of Colonial days, it stands, the high-water mark of Colonial patriotism, and the monument marking the limit of the disastrous fire which in 1872 laid the business part of Boston in ashes. Occupied by a congregation which had learned self-government in the church, it readily came to lend itself to the spirit which demands the right of self-government in the state. Faneuil Hall was, indeed, the Cradle of Liberty, but whenever the child Liberty grew too robust to stay within the Cradle, he found his school and training ground where more advanced lessons of liberty were taught, within the walls of the Old South! Here had been held, year by year, the anni-

versary of the Massacre, which friends of the Government had come to dread. Here from time to time had convened other meetings demanding of the royal governor the rights of the people. It stood across the street and almost opposite the Province House, home of the provincial governors and seat of royal authority in Boston.

Again and again has Hawthorne in his tales of the Province House struck a note of terror to its occupants from the bell of the Old South. The Province House is in ruins to-day, but the Old South still stands, a monument to that sentiment in both church and state which finds its present expression in our free and democratic government.

Assembled in the Old South, the attention of the meeting was called to the proceedings of the last town meeting, in which the people had declared that they would to the utmost of their power prevent the landing of the tea, and the question was put to vote of the meeting whether the tea having now arrived, and the people being face to face, not with a theory, but with a real emergency, they were still absolutely determined that the tea should be returned to the place from which it came.

The assembly, with one mighty voice, voted in the affirmative, and the call for the negative vote was received in silence. There was little else accomplished in the morning hour. The people did little except to reaffirm what they had said before, and to determine that at all hazards they would stand by their original declaration.

This word was sent to the consignees, and in the afternoon the people met again to hear their answer. No answer came at first, but Francis Rotch was discovered in the audience and called upon to make a statement of his position.

Mr. Rotch replied that he had no other statement to make than that to protect himself in this matter he should enter a legal protest against the proceedings of the meeting.

The meeting chafed and fretted and waited for a word from the consignees. Late in the afternoon, John Hancock entered, and with him Copley, the painter, whose portraits were to make him famous in after years.

"I bear a message from Mr. Clarke, my father-in-law, and the other consignees of the tea," said Copley.

"A tardy message," said the Moderator, Jonathan Williams, "and we have been kept waiting for it quite too long."

"Mr. Clarke desired me to say," said Copley, "that the letter which brought the information concerning the terms on which the tea was shipped, was not delivered until late last evening, and that the consignees have been too much scattered to get together and decide upon their action during the day."

"And what is the message?" asked the Moderator.

"This is the message which I have just given you!"

"A sorry excuse for a message!" said the Moderator. "What we want is an answer to our question, Will the consignees ship back the tea without unloading it?"

"That they cannot answer," said Copley, "till they have time to confer."

"Mr. Moderator," said Mr. Molineux, "I want to remind the gentleman who brings this message, that it is well-nigh insulting. We have been sending messages to the consignees ever since we knew that the tea was coming upon us, and we have demanded one thing and one thing only, and it brings them no sur-

prise that we repeat it now. They have known all along what we demanded, they have steadily evaded our demand, saying that they cannot answer until they know on what condition the tea had been articled to them. They have said that they would answer us as soon as it had arrived. It has arrived, and they give us no answer but another evasion. It has come, and they are scattered so they cannot hold a meeting. But they have been huddled together behind closed doors until this time comes when it is their business to meet. Why have they been scattered, why do they steadily evade us? If they did not know until last evening on what terms the tea had come, they might have known early yesterday morning; but even if they knew only last evening, they have had twenty-four hours, and should have answered us like men instead of quibbling and evading, as they seek to do."

"Have you no letters from them?" asked the Moderator.

"I — I beg to deliver to you simply this verbal message."

"He has a letter!" called Captain Mackintosh. "He has a letter, and he is afraid to deliver it!"

"Mr. Moderator," said Copley, "if I have a letter,

I have also discretion as to the use of it, and, knowing the contents of the letter, I think it unwise, at this time, to communicate it to this assembly. It would bring you no satisfaction. I beg you that you give these gentlemen more time for consideration. I have a letter, I admit, but, observing the temper of this assembly, I think it better to withhold it, and say simply that the consignees desire more time."

"More time!" shouted many voices. "A subterfuge, and they will land the tea by night!"

"Order, gentlemen!" said the Moderator.

"Mr. Moderator," said John Hancock, "notwithstanding our strong desire to bring this matter to a conclusion, and the time which we have already expended to no purpose, I move that, out of great and excessive tenderness for these gentlemen, we give them until nine o'clock to-morrow morning to answer our demands."

The motion was hotly debated. John Crane and Paul Revere were for immediate action. Samuel Adams and Dr. Warren favored the delay. At length the more moderate council prevailed, and it was determined to wait until the morrow, and Copley withdrew, bearing this information to the consignees.

"Mr. Moderator," said John Crane, "in order to prevent the surreptitious landing of the tea, I move you that a watch be kept upon the vessels, — a watch to consist of twenty-five men, to be commanded by Captain Edward Proctor, and that no one be allowed to go aboard or come ashore after sunset until sunrise."

The motion was seconded, and carried unanimously.

"I, too, have a motion, Mr. Moderator," said Paul Revere. "The information comes to us that the Governor himself, whom we have known all along as the real cat in the meal, is using his office as well as his sons and cousins, and endeavoring to use the power of the magistrates to thwart the will of the people. I am informed that he has required the justices of the peace in this town to meet, and use their endeavors to suppress any routs and riots of the people, and to make arrests in case of any disturbance. I move you that it is the sense of this meeting that the Governor's conduct herein carries a decided reflection on the people here met, and is solely calculated to serve the ends of the administration, and is highly displeasing to the people of this town."

The motion, which was indeed a vote of censure

upon the Governor, was carried without a dissenting voice.

"And now, Mr. Moderator," said Samuel Adams, "before the adjournment I want to express the hope that there may be no disorder in the town this night. What we may be called upon to do later we do not know; but, having given time to the consignees to give to us an answer, let no pressure be brought to bear upon them, but let us know what they intend to do. Let us quietly adjourn, and come together in the morning."

This word of Adams fell like a benediction on the disturbed and impatient assembly, and after a little more discussion they adjourned until nine o'clock the next day.

John had been an interested spectator of these proceedings. He had looked around often to see if Tom was there, but he had not found him. Once he had seen Will Sewall high up in the slaves' gallery at the end of the meeting-house. Even the Old South had its slaves' gallery!

The meeting adjourned, and the crowd dispersed, some going thoughtfully toward home, and others standing about in earnest conversation.

CHAPTER XX

THE TEA-PARTY BIBLE

JOHN turned up School Street and was walking rather aimlessly toward home, after the adjournment of the Old South Meeting.

"Well, young fellow," said a full, strong voice in his ear, "what think you of that gathering?"

"A most interesting meeting, Dr. Byles," said John.

"Interesting and ominous! There will be trouble here, lad, before this is over. Aye, and bloodshed, like enough. The temper of the mob is up, and there is no telling what may happen. You are a lad of some sense, though you share John Crane's politics. Be warned, young fellow, and keep your own neck out of the halter. Be what you call a patriot if you will, but look you to it that you throw no bricks and fire no houses. Come with me for a little walk. I am going with a message of warning to Francis Rotch. Fine young fellow, that Rotch is,

"WELL, YOUNG FELLOW."

though he be a Quaker, and in sore need of a little sound advice, I take it. Come on with me, and I will make a call upon him. Nay, I do not mean to stop, but just look in at the door!

"Ah, lad, I say again, having seen that meeting, what I have said this many times: I would rather be governed by one tyrant three thousand miles away, than three thousand tyrants not one mile away!"

"Then even you think King George a tyrant?" asked John.

"Oh, call it what you will," said Byles. "These people have much respect for royalty, spite all their democratic professions. These people are careful to say it is the King's ministers and Parliament that is to blame; but between you and me, my lad, it is the King himself who is the fool; for, what is a crown on a man's head if there be but little brains beneath it? The King is acting the part of a fool, I make no doubt, but give them time enough, and his ministers, against whom these people so complain, would bring him to his senses; yet what ministers, even ministers of the Gospel, could bring that mob to its senses!"

"But a king —" interposed John.

"Nay, nay, lad, I would rather have a king and

let him be a bigot or a fool, now and then, if he will, than mix in the ignoble broils of a company such as this!"

"But the people—" said John, "what think you of the people?"

"The people, the people! Fudge! What do you mean by the people? Lad, how are you going to get perfect wisdom, by counting the noses of fools? When you say people, you mean the mob. Mind you, lad, this world will be governed to the end, not by the consent of the governed, as these hot-heads say. The less people consent to be governed, the more they need government, and when they once consent, the need of government is gone."

"But are not the people best able to administer their own government?"

"No, government is best administered when you have one man whom you can hold responsible."

"But how can you hold that man responsible, if that man be the king?"

"A difficult case, I grant you, especially when the king is given over to folly, but yet you can always do something with one man; you can entreat him, threaten him, or even dethrone him, as they did

James the Second, or chop off his head as they did Charles the First's; but, lad, how shall you chop off the head of that hydra that filled the Old South to-day with its vile smell and its rampant talk? It would be a rich day for the headsman, I warrant you, and the community would rest safer in its bed at night! But even a Cromwell, rascal that he was, and murderer, too, were hardly equal to such decapitation."

"There would be many heads to chop," said John, "in that case."

"Nay, and should one chop the heads off all those, others would grow again; for who knows what day there shall spring up from the dregs of society another head all mouth and no brain, who shall spout yet more in the name of the people, and subvert government and turn us over to the misrule of the mob? Mind you, lad, I am not so much of a fool as they think I am, and I see well what is coming. These people will not stop till they have a country of their own, and the squabbles and the broils which they will bring upon themselves will out-Herod the misrule of any mad king since Midas with his ass's ears! But, stay, here is the Quaker's house."

"Good morrow, Master Rotch," said Dr. Byles, as,

without knocking, he opened the door and stepped within.

Francis Rotch sat by a little mahogany table, on which stood a lighted candle, for dusk was coming on, and before him was spread out an open Bible.

"We have interrupted you at your devotions," said Byles.

"Nay, this is not my time for prayer, but I came back wearied and anxious, and sat down for a little time to read."

"A fine Bible you have there," said Byles.

"Yes, I had it bought in London, and bound there for me. It is a fine new folio, printed four years ago."

"Let me look at it," said Dr. Byles. "A Bible good enough for any pulpit in the town! Who are the printers? Ah! Thomas Baskett, the son of old Robert Baskett, who has printed Bibles in London these many years. I know of them well. It was they who printed the Vinegar Bible. Let me look and see if they have corrected that old blunder. Have you heard about it, lad? In the twentieth of Luke comes, you know, the parable of the vineyard. Well, the Bible which they printed in 1717 had the heading

of that chapter, 'The parable of the vinegar!' An odd blunder, was it not? But printers are ever making blunders!"

"I did not know of that," said Rotch. "See if this one has it so."

"No, this one is corrected, and all the better for it. I am glad you have it, Rotch. It is a fine book, and more wisdom to be had in one verse of it, than in volumes of such talk as we had to-day in the Old South!"[1]

"Unwise they may be," said Rotch, "but stubborn they are also!"

"Aye, stubborn they are, and you need not hope to stand against them!"

"I am sorely in need of wisdom, Dr. Byles," said Rotch, "and glad enough to have you come to me. Tell me, what shall I do?"

[1] The fine old Bible belonging to Francis Rotch remained in his family till 1895. The second wife of Francis Rotch, his cousin Nancy, was born after the death of his first wife and lived to the age of ninety-two, and died the twenty-fourth of April, 1867. She left this rare old Bible, known as the Tea-Party Bible, to her husband's great-niece, Mrs. Mary Ann Rotch Allan, who was a descendant also of John Crane. Mrs. Allan died October 14, 1898, and had previously given this Bible with other relics of the Tea-Party and of Francis Rotch to the author of this book.

"Do this," said Dr. Byles: "go to them to-morrow morning and wash your hands of the matter. Tell them so far as you are concerned, you are willing to send back the tea. They will burn your ship, tea and all, if you don't, and the tea is nothing to you, man. The King is a fool, and the East India Company are knaves. Let them bear the responsibility of this, and get you clear of it. Go to John Adams and retain him for your lawyer; he will give you good advice. His sympathies are with these rebels, but he is not a bigot like Sam. He argued against the Stamp Act, but he defended Preston and the soldiers when arrested for the killing of that miserable negro, Attucks. He needed killing quite as badly as any man that ever stretched hemp or stopped a righteous bullet. Go to Adams; you may trust him, and ask him how you may legally discharge your duty in this matter, without making yourself responsible to the owners of the tea, or bringing down upon you the fury of the mob."

"Your advice is good," said Rotch; "I will take it."

"Yes; you have no call to stand out against these men, and have them mob you or destroy your ship. You are in a difficult place; but if you can promise

them to send back the tea, and then make Hutchinson agree with you, you will do well, and I will go from here to Clarke and talk with him. He is a sensible old fellow, is Clarke, and a fine man too, though losing his temper now, and in danger of making a fool of himself because the mob has goaded him to fury. Good night, Rotch!"

"Good night, Dr. Byles; I thank you for your advice, which is wise."

"Men may learn even worldly wisdom from the ministers, if they will but heed them, now and then, and they like their advice much better about their ships than their souls, is my experience. Come, youngster, let us be off!"

"I will go with you part way," said John. "I do not care to call at Mr. Clarke's."

"You do not? and why not?"

"I am not in favor there," said John.

"Ah, and is it you that helped to smash his windows?"

"No, not that, but still he likes me not!"

"Oh, well, have your will then, but walk along with me a piece; for I like good company, and mine to you, perhaps, will be better than none."

"I greatly enjoy your conversation, sir," said John, "and you will tell me some things which perhaps I need to know. Still though I cannot argue with you, I think I —"

"Oh, I know what you think with the other young hot-heads! You think that I am hopelessly behind the times! Hold on, whom have we here? Constable Berry! And what do you suppose he wants? He is coming to us, and that young fellow with him pointing us out."

The constable was coming toward them, manifestly, and with him was a young fellow whom John knew well.

"There he is," said Job Morris; "that is John Farwell who is named in the warrant! Catch him! He can run like a deer!"

"Ah, young fellow, and do you run from the officers?" asked Dr. Byles. "If I read your face aright, you have little reason to fear the officers! Well, Constable, and what do you want? Yes, this is John Farwell; have you his name in the warrant? And maybe you have mine, too? There is no telling in this day what man is likely to be arrested. John Farwell and Mather Byles. That would sound well!

You have not my name? Well, John, and so they will not let you have me for company in the warrant, but let me see what all this means. I will go along with you. Tell me, Constable, what is the charge against him, and who is the complainant?"

"Richard Clarke, sir, is the complainant, and the charge is that this young fellow, with others not having the fear of God before their eyes, did feloniously conspire together against the person and the property of said Clarke, and wilfully and maliciously assault him in his house."

"Aye, aye," said Byles; "I am familiar with your legal lingo. Here, lad, I thought you told me you threw no stones?"

"I threw none," said John, "though I was with the crowd; and really, sir, that is not the thing for which Mr. Clarke would have me arrested, nor is it I whom truly he wants."

"Ah, well, I will walk along with you. What Justice issued the warrant?"

"Justice Hatch," said the constable.

"Well, let us go first to Clarke's, — for I am going that way, — and bring this lad along. I would like to have a word with Clarke about him."

So they marched together toward the house which John knew now so well. Job Morris followed in the rear.

"What do you want here, young fellow?" asked Byles. "Is this any business of yours? Well, go home and let the law take its course with this young man, and see that you behave yourself, lest you find that peaked face of yours looking out from behind the bars!"

"Now, lad," turning to John, "tell me all about it. What did you do?"

"I left a letter at his door on Hallowe'en — a letter telling him to come to the Liberty Tree and resign his position as tea factor."

"And is this all?"

"All, save that I escaped when they made me prisoner."

"And did you write the letter?"

"Not I!"

"Of course you did not; you went only as errand boy, and better would it have been had you not done that. But stay; we are at the house, and I will hear the story from Clarke himself."

"Good evening, Mr. Clarke. The constable has brought the culprits; here we are! Which one of

us will you have in jail, and how long will you sentence us?"

"Always at your jokes, Dr. Byles. It is not you I want to sentence at all, and, indeed, it is not this lad, though he is a shrewd one and deep in this whole mischief, but I want to make an example of him!"

"Yes, yes! Well, he has told me what he did. He had no hand in smashing your windows unless he lied, and as to the letter, he acted only as errand boy."

"I want to make him tell who sent it—"

"But what matter is that?" asked Byles. "If you want names of those who like not the way you are doing, go down to Faneuil Hall or to the Old South and pick them out who are saying worse things than that letter said, but be careful how you arrest a lad like this, lest you make yourself more trouble."

"But the Governor thought," said Clarke, "that it would be better for us to have the magistrates enforce the law against a few, and make examples of them. The magistrates, as yet, have done nothing to protect us, and if they begin with a simple case like this, less likely to be contested, perhaps we shall stir them up to a sense of their duty."

"Now you speak words of folly, and not your usual

wisdom," said Byles. "Can't you see that the very fact that you arrest a boy will make the mob more angry? Have you forgotten the funeral of Chris Snyder, who, just because he was a boy and had few friends, called out the fury of the mob? Nay, nay, if you want to make a test case, arrest Revere or Adams or some of them, but mind you, you will make a mistake if you arrest a lad like this."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so! I know it. Why, look here, man, he is but an apprentice, and who is his employer? John Crane! Ah, John Crane, as good-hearted, hot-headed a fellow as may be found on the three hills of Boston, with a temper like a rip-saw, and with his journeymen and apprentices ready to rise in fury at the first note of warning! Let them but miss this lad at supper time, — and that is near, — and hear that you have him under arrest, and what think you will happen? You will have every housewright and ropemaker and apprentice in the town of Boston in your yard before midnight, and they will pull down your house about your ears as they did Oliver's stamp-office, and take him from the jail, though they knock down the jailer with his own keys, and

bear the rescued lad in procession to their Upas-tree in the South End and speechify and orate and talk nonsense and burn incense to their little tin god they call the people, and I know not what more, save that before the dawn there will be bloodshed — mind you that! I write the outcome on the wall before you, if you send this boy to jail, and it will be written in red ere sunrise."

The old man trembled.

"Call my sons," said he to the servant, "and call Copley hither. Hear you what Dr. Byles says," said he, when the young men entered the room.

"Aye, aye, he speaks wisely," said Copley.

"I am inclined to trust the judgment of the Governor," said young Jonathan Clarke.

"The Governor!" said Byles; "a plague upon the Governor! He has lost his head as has the King! It is as well to trust the Governor as it is to trust the mob! Come, Copley, get on your hat and come with me to Justice Hatch and tell him that Mr. Clarke withdraws his charge, and to set this lad at liberty before John Crane misses him at supper time! What say you, Clarke? do you agree?"

"Dr. Byles," said Clarke, "I know your inter-

ests and sympathies are with us. I believe you advise me well. Go, Copley, and withdraw the complaint, and you, Constable, I thank you for your prompt action. Wait you here until Copley returns and brings the magistrate with him. Sit down, Dr. Byles. Jonathan, ring for some light refreshment for the Doctor! Young fellow, you are well out of your scrape this time, but mind you keep out of my attic hereafter!"

"I will," said John, with a little laugh, "if you let me keep out of the small room at the head of the stairs."

The magistrate soon came, and the charge was formally withdrawn; and Mather Byles, taking up the warrant and complaint, held both of them in the flame of the candle and threw the burning sheets of paper in the open fire.

"And now, lad," said he to John, "if I mistake not, it is the first time your name was ever writ in a legal document that called for your arrest. See that you keep it out of such papers, hereafter. Good night, Mr. Clarke. No, no, I do not need a lantern; I will take the arm of this young rebel here, and he shall see me to my gate. The street is not so

muddy now as it was a few weeks ago. The Selectmen got stuck in the mud themselves, for which I thank God day and night, for they have mended their ways."

With this parting pun the witty old Tory minister and John withdrew.

CHAPTER XXI

THE QUAKER SHIP-OWNER

THE next morning the adjourned meeting was held in the Old South Meeting-house. Again as before it was packed to overflowing.

"Make way for a messenger," called some one at the door. The company parted and made a narrow space up which a dignified gentleman passed.

"Mr. Sheriff Greenleaf," said the Moderator, "and do you bring us a message?"

"I do," said the Sheriff; "a proclamation from his Excellency the Governor!"

The audience moved uneasily. It was not for this they had been waiting, and they were impatient of delay. The Moderator rapped upon the pulpit with his gavel.

"Attention!" he commanded. "The Sheriff will read a proclamation from the Governor!"

The company listened while the Sheriff read the following proclamation:—

"Massachusetts Bay. By the Governor.

"To Jonathan Williams, Esq., acting as Moderator of an assembly of people, in the Town of Boston, and to the people so assembled: —

"Whereas, printed notifications were on Monday, the 29th inst., posted in divers places in the town of Boston, and published in the newspapers of this day, calling upon the people to assemble together for certain unlawful purposes, in such notifications mentioned; and Whereas, great numbers of persons belonging to the Town of Boston, and divers others belonging to several other towns in the Province, did assemble in the said town of Boston, on the said day, and did then and there proceed to chuse a moderator, and to consult, debate, and resolve upon ways and means for carrying such unlawful purposes into execution, openly violating, defying, and setting at naught the good and wholesome laws of the Province, and the constitution of Government under which they live; and Whereas, the people thus assembled, did vote or agree to adjourn, or continue their meeting to this the 30th inst., and great numbers of them are again met or assembled together for like purpose, in the said Town of Boston:

"In faithfulness to my trust, and as his Majesties representative within the Province, I am bound to bear testimony against this violation of the laws, and I warn and exhort you and require each of you thus unlawfully assembled,

forthwith, to disperse and to surcease all further unlawful proceedings at your utmost peril.

"Given under my hand at Milton in the Province aforesaid, the 30th day of November, 1773, and in the fourteenth year of his Majesty's reign.

"T. HUTCHINSON.

"BY HIS EXCELLENCY'S COMMAND.

"THOS. FLUCKER, SECY."

The Sheriff had hardly ceased when a loud and general hiss was heard all through the church.

"What will you do? What answer will you make to the Governor's proclamation?" asked the Moderator. "Is it the pleasure of this assembly to surcease all further proceedings according to the Governor's requirements? All who favor obeying the Governor in this matter will say, Aye!"

Not a single voice was heard.

"All who are opposed say, No!"

The negative vote proved unanimous.

"Mr. Francis Rotch has arrived," said some one near the door.

"Will Mr. Rotch come to the platform?" asked the Moderator.

Mr. Rotch, still wearing his broad-brimmed hat, entered and faced the Moderator.

"Mr. Rotch, we desire to know whether you will return the teas to London in the ship that they have come?"

"I can speak only for my own ship," said Rotch, "and for the part interest I have in one now expected, but I am ready to say I will not oppose the will of the town, but will return the teas without unloading to London. Nevertheless, I shall do it under protest, and throw the responsibility upon this meeting."

"And what says your captain?" asked the Moderator.

"Captain Hall is with me and will speak for himself."

"Captain Hall, do you concur in the statement made by Mr. Rotch?"

"I do," said Captain Hall, "so far as I have authority. The tea is not mine, nor the ship, except on the high seas, and I want only to do a sailing-master's duty. Let me be given authority to sail, and I will weigh anchor, and be off for London to-morrow."

"You have heard the statement of Captain Hall and Francis Rotch," said the Moderator; "are they satisfactory?"

The meeting voted in the affirmative.

"And I move, also," said Revere, "that we exact the same conditions of owners and captains of the other vessels soon to arrive."

Then Francis Rotch and Captain Hall withdrew.

"Mr. Moderator," said a citizen, "as we have obtained this promise from Mr. Rotch, we have accomplished all that we set out to do. He has agreed to return the tea. I move we adjourn."

"No, no!" cried Revere. "He may lie to us!"

"And even if he tell the truth," said another, "we have others to hear from."

"Mr. Moderator," said Samuel Adams, "we have heard from the owner and the captain of the ship. But we have still to hear from the factors of the tea that they are willing to return it. Theirs is the cargo; the ship alone is the property of Mr. Rotch. And we have still to hear from the Governor that he will issue papers allowing the ship to clear without discharging her cargo. We are not yet ready to adjourn."

"Another messenger!" called a man at the door.

"Let the messenger come to the platform," said the Moderator.

John recognized the man as the servant who had guarded him in the little room at Clarke's.

The Moderator received the letter, which was sealed.

"I have no right to open this letter," said he. "It is not addressed to the Moderator of this meeting, but to Mr. John Scollay of the Selectmen. Will Mr. Scollay kindly come forward and receive his letter?"

"Another insult!" shouted Crane. "They refuse to recognize this legal town meeting and its duly chosen Moderator! I move that we return the letter unopened!"

"I second the motion!" cried another and another.

"Mr. Moderator," said Warren, "although the meaning of this direction is plain, and it is evident that it is a studied insult to this assembly, I suggest that we waive that irregularity and hear the reading of the letter. We are struggling for a great principle, and can afford to set aside every minor consideration."

The view of Warren prevailed.

Mr. Scollay, receiving the letter, advanced to the platform and read it. It was signed by all the consignees, and stated that as the will of the town "can be effected by nothing less than our sending back the teas, we beg leave to say that this is utterly out of

our power to do, but we now declare to you our readiness to store the teas until we shall have an opportunity of writing to our constituents, and shall receive their further orders respecting them, and we do most sincerely wish that the Town, considering the unexpected difficulties devolved upon us, will be satisfied with what we now offer."

"Mr. Moderator," said Warren, "I desire to say a word about this letter. It is most daringly affrontive to this town. They will land the teas and store them until they hear from their constituents, aye, and once landed, what will happen? Shall we maintain our watch by day and night during the months that must elapse till they get word from London, and shall we trust the nefarious East India Company or these their compliant representatives? I move you that this letter is not in the least satisfactory to this meeting." And the motion prevailed.

"Mr. Moderator," said Molineux, "I think that I discover a cat in this meal. I desire to ask what are the rules governing the discharge of cargoes in this port?"

"I will call upon one of these gentlemen expert in law to give the information on this point," said the Moderator. "Mr. Samuel Adams, will you explain?"

"According to the laws that govern merchant vessels," said Mr. Adams, "a ship has twenty days in which to enter at the custom house and discharge her cargo. If in that time she fails to do it and to make proper returns for the duty belonging to the government, the ship is to be seized by the government and the cargo to be landed by force of the civil, and if need be the military, authorities, and disposition to be made of the cargo for the payment of the duty."

"And what is the date on which the government will take possession if this delay continues?" asked John Crane.

"The seventeenth of December," said Samuel Adams.

"And think you it may be the policy of these consignees to put us off from day to day until the government itself takes possession, and our protest, if we make any, brings us in collision with the soldiers and the men-at-war?"

"The Moderator is unable to explain the conduct of the consignees, but is of the opinion that whatever this town expects to do it had better do before the military authorities come to have rights in the matter."

"Then our last day, if I understand the Moderator, will be the sixteenth of December?"

"That," said the Moderator, "is the last day in which the people may effect their will without the necessity of conflict with the military."

"Mr. Moderator," said Paul Revere, "we have sixteen days in which we may be patient. I suggest to this company that during this time we guard carefully against any act of lawlessness, that we keep up our guard, that we keep up our meetings, that the Committee of Correspondence send out words to other towns, but that understanding as we do now, — for I am willing to interpret their conduct, — the policy of the Governor and the consignees and their determination to compel us to face the bayonets of the redcoats and the guns of the ship of war in our harbor — understanding, I say, the policy of our Governor and his relatives, the consignees of the tea, I call upon you all to remember that the sixteenth day of December is the last day, and that we had best prepare for the crisis when that day comes."

The meeting soon after adjourned, and the men stood about and talked. They had accomplished nothing, they were likely to accomplish nothing, they

doubted if anything could be accomplished, till the twenty days elapsed.

A day or two later came the *Beaver* and the brig *Eleanor*, and these dropped anchor under the guns of the Castle till they with the *Dartmouth* were brought alongside Griffin's Wharf and passed under the nightly watch of twenty-five or thirty armed men, who with musket and bayonet patrolled the wharf, taking care that no tea should land.

Meantime an arrangement went into effect between Admiral Montague and the Governor whereby a British man-of-war dropped her anchor in the channel to prevent any ship going out by stealth.

These were anxious days for Francis Rotch. He had promised to send back the tea, but he could not get a clearance for his vessel; the consignees declared their inability to send it back until they had the Custom House certificate that the ship had discharged her cargo. The Custom House officers were unable to grant their certificate or give the ship a special clearance without permission from the Governor, and the Governor, like an animal at bay, stood obstinate and determined that at this last and important juncture the people should not force his hand.

The Committee of Correspondence sent out its letters to all surrounding towns, and day by day men gathered, representatives of other Committees met with the Boston Committee, and thereby laid the foundation for representative assemblies, such as eventuated in the Continental Congress. Messengers came from the other Colonies, and throughout them all there was manifest a determination to stand as a unit against the importation of the tea.

Day by day the sentiment of the people grew more determined. Day by day it became plainer that the real crisis was approaching. There were repeated meetings in the Old South, there were repeated efforts to bring the consignees to terms, there were repeated efforts to get a more satisfactory statement from Rotch.

The young man was disturbed and anxious; he had promised more than he could fulfil. He seemed to the meeting to be vacillating, and some declared that he was treacherous; but to those who understood the situation better he was simply bewildered and knew not which way to turn. Day by day he met with representatives of the consignees, who admonished him to stand firm with them. Day by day he talked with the people, who pleaded, demanded, and threatened to compel him to do what he found he had no power to do.

CHAPTER XXII

THE WATCH AT THE SHIP

NIGHT by night there were meetings in the Green Dragon, night by night the long room back of the printing-office held its secret gatherings. Night by night the windows of John Crane's carpenter shop were darkened, while the Southenders discussed the prospect. Night by night in these three assemblies the momentous questions which confronted the Colony were discussed. Night by night the watch was maintained at Griffin's Wharf.

The twenty days were nearing their end, when John Farwell and Tom Lawson, who had long since filed their names at Edes & Gill's as applicants for a place on the guard, were appointed one night to watch between sunset and midnight, and assigned their place near the head of the wharf, their beats adjoining.

Next John, on the side toward the south, was an

ardent patriot, Simon Butler, who had fortified himself too strongly at the punch bowl before coming on duty.

The guards marched back and forth, and every half-hour called their "All's well," and were inspected to find that they were all on duty.

"This is a good deal like soldiering, John," said Tom.

"I should think so," said John. "Does your musket get heavy?"

"A little. I would hate to carry it all day."

"All day would not be much worse than half the night," said John. "It is quite a burden to a shoulder after the first hour or two."

"Do you know the manual of arms?"

"Not very much. I know the 'Shoulder arms' and the 'Carry arms' and 'Present'; but the order that interests me most when I have this steady pull at it, is, 'Right shoulder shift,' and then in fifteen minutes, 'Left shoulder shift.'"

So from time to time during the evening, they hailed each other, and John avoided conversation with the bibulous Butler, but improved every meeting for a word with Tom.

"This is a lonely place after dark," said Tom.

"Yes," replied John, "especially in the dark of the moon. I wish we might have moonlight at least. There is no one passing. What time do you think it is? Ah, there is the nine o'clock bell, — three hours till midnight. It is a long time, sure enough."

"Stay," said Tom, "there comes some one now."

Footsteps were heard approaching from the south, and the figures were dimly seen of a man carrying a lantern, and a woman with him.

"Who comes there?" called Butler.

"None of your business, you fool!" was the gruff reply.

"It's Mr. Goodrich," said Tom.

"I know his voice well," said John. "What fool's errand is he on to-night, do you think?"

"I don't know, I am sure! Is that Mrs. Goodrich with him, think you?"

"I think not," said John, with an emphasis that indicated certainty. "It's Prudence!"

"You can't pass here!" said Butler, officiously barring the way with his bayonet.

"Let us pass, you brute," said Goodrich. "Has it come to this that an honest man may not walk the

streets of Boston by night, without being hailed by the mob?"

"You can't go this way," said Butler, "anyway!"

"Attend to your own business!" said Goodrich. "Guard yon ship, if you will, but let an honest man have a right to the street at least."

"Butler," said John, "we have no right to stop any one save those who would go to the ships!"

"I will stop any one I please!" answered Butler. "I am here by the authority of the Town Meeting, and I will let no one pass."

"Good sir," said Prudence, "let us pass! We are but going to our home, and have nothing to do with the ships."

"Ah, yes, I will let you pass, my pretty one," said Butler; "indeed, I will, or rather I won't! What should you be down here for at this time of night? Come, it is lonely walking this beat all night alone! Aye, send yon old man on about his business, and do you walk with me here!"

John felt the blood rising to his temples.

"We must go and stop this, Tom!" said he.

"Have we any right to leave our beat?" asked Tom.

"We must have!" said John; "there is no telling what that drunken fool will do. Here, Butler, let them pass!"

But Butler did not hear. He was deep in an altercation with Mr. Goodrich.

"You villain!" cried Goodrich, "what do you mean by insulting my daughter and me? I will break your dirty neck for you!" And he started toward the sentinel.

"You will, will you? Just wait till I set down my gun and I will thrash you within an inch of your life! But hold on, what is the use of having a gun if you don't use it? You want to fight, do you? Well, come on!"

John and Tom heard the click of the gun as Butler raised the hammer.

Goodrich paused a moment in sudden fear.

"You want to fight, do you? Come on!" Butler repeated, and raised the flint to the full cock.

"You lousy villain!" said Goodrich, "do you mean to murder me? You disreputable skunk! Shoot, if you dare!"

The harsh names in no wise served to mollify the angry Butler. One or two sentinels came from the

other way, but were powerless to interpose, as they stood facing him and his gun.

"You call me names, do you? I will show you what I dare to do! You are an enemy, an enemy to the public, and it is time you were made an example of!" And he slowly raised his gun.

Just at that moment John seized the gun from behind and threw the muzzle upward, while Tom flung himself with all his might on top of the drunken fellow and threw him to the ground. The gun went off, and the ball went whizzing over Fort Hill, and the struggling, drunken sentinel was taken in charge by his companions.

The captain of the watch appeared at the sound of the gun, removed Butler from his post and sent him off under guard, and placed another sentinel upon his beat.

"You did well," said he to the boys. "You not only have saved a man's life, but have saved the cause the infamy which would surely have come upon it, had an unoffending citizen been murdered by this guard. And you, sir," continued Captain Cheever to Mr. Goodrich, "I apologize to you for the misconduct of this sentinel. I am sorry you did not

answer him with a little more civility, but that is nothing of which I care now to speak. You have been wronged, sir, and I deeply regret it, and now to save you the possibility of any further annoyance, I will detail these two sentinels who have served you so good a turn to escort you and your daughter to your home."

"I thank you, sir," said Mr. Goodrich. "You at least are a gentleman; I fear no danger, but my daughter is somewhat agitated, and I gladly avail myself of your courtesy and accept the escort you offer. Besides, I would with pleasure meet these men and thank them for the kindness which they have shown my daughter and myself."

Captain Cheever turned to the young men.

"Escort this lady and gentleman to their home. It is on Ann Street, I believe. Yes, Ann Street; and when you return, report to me and be dismissed for the night. You have done your duty well. These are the two young men. Their names are —"

"I think we know their names!" said Prudence. "Good evening, Mr. Farwell! good evening, Tom! Father, you have met these young men before."

Mr. Goodrich stammered for a moment, and then

said, "Young men, I thank you! Whatever I might have had in my mind to say had we met under other circumstances, for to-night at least I am your debtor. Prudence, we will go home, and I shall be obliged to these young men if they will accompany us."

So Tom fell in beside Mr. Goodrich and John walked side by side with Prudence, his musket on his shoulder and his heart beating fast.

"We have been making a call on Summer Street and stayed rather late," said Prudence, "and I thank you so much for your kindness!"

At the gate they presented arms in a manner which an officer might have criticised, but which Prudence thought quite effective, and lifted their hats and said good night.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MOHAWKS AND THEIR ALLIES

NINETEEN anxious days followed the arrival of the tea-ships. The consignees, fearing the people, withdrew to the Castle William,[1] and placed themselves under the protection of the soldiers. Governor Hutchinson, fearing for his own safety, and to guard himself against the possibility of being forced into a concession, kept himself in his country home in Milton.

It was evident now that the consignees and the Governor were determined to fight the issue to the end. No longer was there any doubt of their real purpose to stand out for the twenty days and thus compel the two ships of war, the *Active* and the *Kingfisher*, that had moved up ominously near the town, to take possession of the tea-ships and land their cargoes under protection of their guns.

[1] Castle William, now Fort Independence, on Castle Island, in Boston Harbor.

So came the great and decisive day, Thursday, the sixteenth of December.

People came in multitudes from the country. Five thousand men, unable to gain admission to the Old South, filled the streets and alley-ways adjacent. There was a morning session and another parley with Rotch, who, anxious and troubled, excused himself for not sailing. He could not fulfil his promise, he said, because Admiral Montague, who commanded the warships, blocked the way, and Governor Hutchinson, who gave the orders to Montague, and who alone could give a pass to the ship, would not permit him to sail until he had discharged the cargo.

The meeting demanded of Rotch whether he was sincere in his declaration of willingness to return the tea if the Governor would permit. Rotch declared his entire willingness. There was evidently nothing more to be done with Rotch except to use him to secure a pass from Hutchinson.

The meeting sent a messenger to the Governor to demand again that he should give to Rotch a pass.

There was an afternoon session, and again there was a conference with Rotch. The Governor had refused his permission, and Rotch, already wearied

to the point of exhaustion, was mounted upon a horse and sent himself to Milton to plead with the Governor for a pass.

Again the meeting went over the whole ground that now had grown so familiar in their resolutions. Again they declared that they would not use tea. Again they affirmed without any dissenting voice that the tea should not land.

Thus the afternoon wore away, and the faces in the Old South grew dim in the gathering dusk. There was a little stir in the company about this time, and John and Tom, who sat together in the gallery, saw that one and another of the men they knew were departing.

"Look!" said John, "my master Crane is leaving!"

"Aye," said Tom, "and there goes Edes yonder, and Paul Revere; and see off yonder are Captain Mackintosh and the Bradlees, and they are making toward the door!"

"Where are they going, think you?"

"I have a thought!" said Tom. "Let us get out of here, and I will tell you."

With difficulty the boys made their way downstairs and out in the vestibule. It was about as hard to

make their way through the crowd outside, but they could not fail to see that a number of the more active leaders in the affair were getting out also.

"The crowd does not suspect," said Tom.

"No," said John; "those who are leaving are few in number compared to those who stay. Adams and the rest are there, and the meeting is still in session."

"Come, let us get out of the crowd, and I will tell you what I think!"

"Which way shall we go?" asked John. "To the print-shop?"

"No; we shall find it occupied, I make no doubt. Let us go to the Common and walk along. Could we be alone at the Cranes'?" asked Tom.

"Yes, in my room," said John; "for Crane and his friends meet, if they meet anywhere, in the carpenter shop with curtains at the windows."

"Now," said Tom, "let me tell you! What has Master Crane been doing these last days?"

"Holding secret meetings in the carpenter shop when not asleep or at the town meetings, and he sleeps but little, I am thinking!"

"The same at the print-shop," said Tom. "But let me tell you, they called me to the door last night

to put in type something they had written. Young Edes and I were there, and we worked the press together. But that is neither here nor there; when I went to the door to get the copy, I had a little glance within, and what think you I saw? An Indian's headdress, as I live!"

"What make you of that?" asked John.

"You will know soon, I am thinking! There were blankets, too, and feathers and paint-pots in the room! Can you not put this and that together?"

"You mean that they intend to disguise?" asked John.

"And why not? Something must be done, and done this night; and if it should be done by men whose names are unknown, it would be better than that John Crane or Benjamin Edes or Paul Revere should go to jail."

"That reminds me," said John, "that we have been having chicken every day on the table this past week, and I wondered why Crane told Judy to save him all the tail feathers!"

"Aha," said Tom, "they are at it too! Look you, John, we will have a hand in this too. Let us get Will Sewall and George Cook!"

"They will not let us in!" said John.

"*Let* us!" said Tom; "they can't help themselves, can they? How shall they know us from themselves? Of course they will not let us if they know it, but one Indian is as good as another Indian, and if you and I and Will and George can get some feathers and red paint, who shall know then that we are not John Crane and Benjamin Edes and Paul Revere and Captain Molineux! Come, I know where we shall find those fellows, or if we do not, we shall not wait for them. Will's house is near at hand, and like as not we will find them there."

A call at Will Sewall's door proved the correctness of Tom's surmise, and soon the four boys were scurrying down Common Street toward John Crane's.

"Has Master Crane returned?" asked John of Mrs. Crane.

"Yes, and the Bradlees with him, and Bolter and Gammel, and I know not how many more; they have gone to the carpenter shop. And will you boys be holding a secret meeting somewhere?"

"We want to," said John. "Oh, Mrs. Crane, can you not help us just a little? and you, Judy? There will be some fun to-night, and we want a hand in it.

Judy, have you not been saving feathers for Master Crane?"

"La, yes, chile; I give him all de tail feddahs ub all de chickens we 'av' been habbin' dis las' week."

"Have you any of them left?"

"No," said Judy, "o'ny the breas' feddahs, and dem I saved for pillows."

"They won't do; we want some tail feathers!"

"Look here, honey, I ain't got no chicken feddahs, but I got dem tu'key wings I use to sweep up the hearth. I reckon, I might let you hab dem. If we gwine t' hab tu'key at Christmas time, I can git some more."

"Now, boys," said Mrs. Crane, "we are just as curious as you are, and know as little what the men are doing. If you know what they are doing, tell us, and we can keep a secret as well as they."

"We will tell you all we know, Mrs. Crane. Will you help us?"

"Yes, indeed, I will! Tell us all you know!" she answered.

"We find," said John, "that the men have been gathering Indian disguises here and at the long room, and we suspect also at the Green Dragon, and now

we think they are going to board the ships and do something with the tea. We do not know what, but whatever they do, we want a share in it!"

"And we have been thinking," said Tom, "that if we disguise ourselves the same as the men do they will not recognize us."

"Good!" said Mrs. Crane; "and we will have a secret all to ourselves, and see if we can keep it till they tell us. Judy, pull out those feathers; or no, let the boys do that. John, run to the garret and bring some of those unshucked walnuts, and we will make you all a lovely copper color. I really cannot let you have my blankets, but you can turn your coats inside out, and you will do well enough. It will be dark, and the men will look only at your faces. Now I will tear up this strip of cotton cloth, and fit that to your heads and stitch the feathers in. Come, Judy, help me; it is growing dark!"

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Mrs. Crane!" cried the boys.

"I cannot tell you how much we thank you," said John. "I knew you would help us!"

CHAPTER XXIV

BOSTON HARBOR AS A TEAPOT

Darkness fell early on that short December day, and the shadows grew deeper in the Old South Meeting-house. The crowd grew visibly impatient, and it was difficult to keep in order. Speeches had been made, some temperate and some vehement, and at length the crowd grew weary of delay. It was agreed to wait till five o'clock, and the crowd impatiently watched the hands of the clock as they slowly moved toward that hour.

"What is the use of staying here?" asked some one. "The Governor will not give permission, and Rotch will not dare to return. Let us adjourn and do what we do speedily."

"Yes, yes!" called voices from the floor; "we have waited here for nineteen days."

"I move that we adjourn!" called another.

"I second the motion!" shouted many more.

Samuel Adams was in the chair.

"It is moved and seconded that we now adjourn. The motion is not debatable, but it is my judgment that we had better wait another hour."

The motion to adjourn was carried, and some act of violence was about to be committed, but several temperate men secured the floor, and pleaded with the company to come to order again and wait another hour.

Candles were sent for and brought in, and the crowd reluctantly seated itself to wait another hour. The crowd was in no temper for speeches, and no one was in the mood to be eloquent.

"What shall we do," asked some one, "if Rotch brings back, as he surely will, a refusal from the Governor?"

John Rowe called out, "Who knows how tea will mingle with salt water?"

There was a hearty laugh and a round of vigorous applause, and then the crowd grew silent again and impatiently waited.

"Mr. Moderator," said one man, "we might as well face the issue which we have allowed ourselves so long to evade. There is but one answer that will

come from the Governor, if any comes. Nay, I am confident that we will have no answer. Yon whimpering, double-dealing Quaker dares not come back to us with the only answer the Governor will give, and yet we have no policy, we have made no decision what we shall do. It seems to me the time has come not for words, but for actions."

"And I move, Mr. Moderator —" said another man.

"I suggest, if the gentleman will allow me," interrupted another, "that it may be well for us not to put upon the records of this meeting what we shall do. We are about to be confronted by a desperate alternative, and it may be well that the thing which we are about to do should be one that does not go on the records of this meeting. Let us wait till six, and then adjourn."

There was nothing to do but wait. The crowd thought it a supererogation of virtue to wait that hour. The time was long for them, but it was short enough for the perplexed representative of the owners of the tea-ships then riding wearily back from Milton.

The Revolution had been advancing with long, though imperceptible strides in these nineteen days. The *Gazette* had plainly said that the matter at issue

was likely to involve what it called a "brush" with the British, to which, it asserted, the Americans were willing to appeal. In another number it had ventured the prophetic prediction that the final issue of the struggle over the tea would be an escape from the tyranny of England and the founding of an American Commonwealth.

During those days in which nothing seemed to be accomplished the spirit of Independence was moving rapidly on, and it never came faster than when in the twilight of the sixteenth of December it outran the panting horse of Francis Rotch and arrived before him in the porch of the Old South.

The crowd still was thick about the door, and it seemed to grow larger and more compact.

And now as the darkness fell, men in strange garb forced their way through alleys and unfamiliar paths and took their station near the church.

Slowly the clock dragged its hands along the dial. Half-past five, and the church was dark save for the light of the candles. A quarter of six, and the hour had nearly gone. Fifteen minutes more, and then what would be done? For Francis Rotch had clearly abandoned all thought of coming back to them,

afraid, no doubt, to reënter that turbulent assembly. Ten minutes of six, and men began to reach for their hats and hold them restlessly between their thumbs, waiting for the signal to leave. There was a general air of preparation for movement, when the hands of the clock now so rapidly nearing the hour should point to the expiration of the time of waiting, and the bell should strike the arrival of a new crisis.

At last, just before the clock struck six, Rotch entered the door, and in the dim light of the candle stood before Samuel Adams.

"Mr. Rotch, we have waited long for you," said the Moderator. "Have you brought an answer from the Governor?"

"I have, sir," said Rotch, sadly, "and the Governor refuses permission for the ship to clear. I have done all that I can do, and this must be my last answer to this meeting."

There was an indignant protest from the meeting, but this was hushed in expectant silence, as Samuel Adams uplifted his face from that of Rotch, and looked about over the assembly. A moment he stood in silence. The clock gave its warning, and then struck six. Then Adams spoke. With impressive

and laconic eloquence he uttered the simple sentence:—

"This meeting can do nothing more to save its country!" and with that word the gavel fell.

It seemed to wake an echo that reverberated from wall to wall throughout the historic old meeting-house. It was an ominous and portentous sound, and for a moment there was no response, but only dread silence.

But the falling gavel awoke an echo outside the building and a louder one than ever heard within. There was a wild, whirring whoop that reminded the Colonists of the blood-curdling tales of childhood when frontier communities awoke from their sleep to hear the awful warwhoop of the savage.

The great throng surged against the doors, and fast as it could escape, made its way into the open air. The crowd that had thronged about the old church was all moving, and moving in a solid mass down Milk Street. From the head of the procession came whoop after whoop, and by the light of torches upheld, one caught a glimpse of war-bonnet and tawny faces streaked with black and red. From the long room, from the Green Dragon, and from the carpenter shop there had come this band of Mohawks

in war-paint and feathers, like the ghost of their copper-colored ancestors.

"On — on to where the tea-ships ride!
And now their ranks are forming —
A rush and up the *Dartmouth's* side
The Mohawk band is swarming!

"See the fierce natives! what a glimpse
Of paint and fur and feather,
As all at once the full-grown imps
Light on the deck together!

"A scarf the pig-tail's secret keeps,
A blanket hides the breeches, —
And out the cursed cargo leaps,
And overboard it pitches!

"No! Ne'er was mingled such a draught
In palace, hall, or arbor
As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed
That night in Boston Harbor!"

"That is Paul Revere," whispered Tom. "I know him even in his war-paint. Do you know any of the others?"

"Not a soul," said John; "they are all Indians to me! Hurry up, Will! Come along, George; let us keep at the head as near as we may!"

And so the boys were hard behind the leaders and among the first to board the *Dartmouth.*

"A windlass, here! Break open the padlock! Captain Hall, keep yourself and your men below deck; this is no affair of yours," said the leader; and the captain and his men prudently went below, saying only as his head disappeared below the hatchway, "Do no harm to the ship, gentlemen, whatever you do to the cargo!"

"Have no fear," said the leader. "We will damage nothing, and we will send you a new padlock for the one we have broken."

The Mohawks were as good as their word, and the next morning a fine new padlock was sent to Captain Hall to replace the only damage done to the ships.

Men who do historic deeds are not always aware of their significance, but the importance of the Tea-Party was felt at the time, both by friends and enemies of the nation soon to be born.

The Tea-Party had far more than a local significance. It was not simply the ebullition of local sentiment in a single town; it was an expression in the concrete of a deep-seated and ever growing con-

viction on the part of the United Colonies as a whole.

Unlike the Hutchinsons and Clarkes, the admiral, Montague, had not left the town, but spent the evening in a house near the water, and was able to see, as he sat in the window, the procession of the Mohawks. He made no effort to interfere, — that would have been quite useless, — but he attempted a bit of grim humor as the Mohawks marched back from the scene of their frolic. Throwing up the window, he thrust out his head, and cried: —

"Well, boys! You've had a fine night for your Indian caper, but mind, you've got to pay the fiddler, yet!"

"We'll settle that bill!" replied the crowd. "Come out if you like, Admiral, and we'll pay it now!"

It was a jolly and only half-meant threat, for the crowd had little thought of doing violence to any one. Indeed, having done what it intended, it returned quietly to the homes of its members, and the town spent its first quiet night for weeks. Unlike the outbreak which came with the Stamp Act, this brought with it no deed which later shamed the town. There was little, if any, drunkenness in the

party, and the ambition of the crowd spent itself in its assault upon the tea, and wept not for other worlds to conquer.

The effect of the event was electrical. The whole Province was thrilled by it. Other Colonies rejoiced. The tea sent to Charleston, South Carolina, soon after, while not thrown overboard, was landed under guard, stored in damp cellars, and prevented from being used until it spoiled. The effort to force one Province to use tea resulted in the united refusal of all to touch it.

The Public Library of Boston has an autograph letter from Thomas Cushing, Speaker of the House of Representatives in Boston, to Arthur Lee, Esq., of London. He says of the measures of Parliament and the result thus far, "Administration could not have hit upon a method more effectual for raising the spirit of the Colonies, or promoting among them an entire harmony of sentiment. They were never more firmly united than at this juncture, and if Administration should determine upon coercive measures, it is impossible for me to say what would be the consequences."

The morning after the Tea-Party, John Adams

wrote in his diary, "Last night three cargoes of Bohea Tea were emptied into the Sea. This Morning a Man of War sails. This is the most magnificent Movement of all. There was a Dignity, a Majesty, a Sublimity in this last Effort of the Patriots that I greatly admire. The People should never rise without doing something to be remembered — something notable & striking. This Destruction of the Tea is so bold, so daring, so firm, so intrepid, & inflexible, and it must have so important Consequences and so lasting, that I cannot but consider it as an Epocha in History."

It is not often that a great historic event has at the time so prescient an interpretation. The consequences were all that Adams anticipated and more. The Boston Port Bill followed, but the growing unity of Colonial sentiment made this but another opportunity of binding the towns of the Commonwealth and the several Colonies more closely together. Salem offered the merchants of Boston the use of her wharves, and other commercial rivals refused to profit by the vicarious suffering of Boston for the patriotism of the whole embryo nation. More closely knit together became all Colonial interests, and deeper grew

the conviction that only by uniting in protest against the aggressions of England, might the Colonists secure the liberty for which their fathers had come to these shores. Slowly, but surely, out of the cloud of these struggles, whose meaning then few could have predicted, rose the star of a new nation. John Adams was right, and the daring deed of the Boston Mohawks formed an epoch in the history of America and the world

CHAPTER XXV

HOW JOHN PROVED HIMSELF FAITHFUL

It was low tide when the Mohawks arrived at the ships, and as they lay at the dock their keels were grounded in the mud. Word was soon passed among the Mohawks to pitch out the tea upon the seaward side, and be careful that the boxes should be thoroughly broken up and the tea thoroughly emptied out before the boxes themselves were thrown overboard.

It was a merry company that worked, some in the hold and some at the scuttles and others at the rail, and some with ropes and cranes pulling up the chests from the bowels of the ship, others smashing in the boxes with hatchets, and others bearing them to the side, where the tea began to mingle with the salt water.

Dr. Holmes has told us that

> "The waters in the rebel bay
> Have kept the tea-leaf savor.
> Our old Northenders in their spray
> Still taste a Hyson flavor."

But none tasted of the tea that night. One little vial of it remains which Thomas Melville shook next morning out of his shoes. But those who attempted to secure any were roughly handled by the crowd.

"Stop that fellow!" cried Will Sewall to some one, just as a lad was seen bearing off a half a chest of tea that had not been carefully emptied and had floated toward the shore. The boy dropped the chest and ran, but the crowd caught him, soundly boxed his ears, stood him on his head in pretence of emptying the tea which they thought he might have secured in his pockets, and let him go with a warning to drink cold water as being less dangerous to the nerves. It was too dark for the boys to see his face, but in the pleading voice that besought the men to let him go they recognized Job Morris.

Just at this moment there came a crash, and a crane insecurely fastened above the hold suddenly fell to the deck, knocking over, as it fell, one stalwart man engaged at that moment in lifting a chest of tea from the hold. The workers paused a moment, then lifted off the heavy spar and tried to help him to his feet.

"Stand back," said one, "and give him air."

"Poor fellow," said another; "it is all up with him!"

Full five minutes they stood about, two or three of the leaders kneeling beside the prostrate man.

"He is dead," they said at length. "Alas, poor fellow! Bear his body ashore." "Make way there, till we bring him to land!" said Paul Revere.

Four strong men lifted him tenderly and carried him over the side. As they did so, his headdress fell off, his face showed pale and bloodless through its paint, and John, with a cry of sorrow, sprang to the rail and rushed ashore, with Tom hard after him.

"Take him to this carpenter shop," said one who bore him, "and hide the body in the shavings there till we are through, and we will bear it home."

Into the shop they bore the lifeless form, and, covering it with shavings, the four who carried it went back to their work, but John and Tom entered and fell upon their knees beside him.

"My master! my master!" cried John. "No braver man ever fell upon the battlefield! To think that you should die thus, and die without ever learning that I had not earned your distrust! Go, Tom," he said, "and find a carriage, that we may take him

home; but, oh, how shall I tell his wife, and with what words shall I comfort her!"

John clung to his master's hand, the tears the while streaming down his face. He took off his coat and threw it over the prostrate form. He then began to chafe the hands, first one and then another, trying to rub the life into them. It seemed a hopeless task, yet still for love's sake, he rubbed the hands and busied himself in tearful effort to bring life back into the body of his master.

It seemed as if it must have been near morning when Tom returned, but only an hour had gone. An awful hour it was with John there alone, seeking to recall the dead to life again. Just as the wheels of the carriage smote upon his ears, a faint sign of life in the body of Crane almost startled him. The hand which had seemed lifeless beat with a perceptible pulse; and John sprang up, met Tom at the door with the glad cry, "He lives!"

Tenderly they bore him to the carriage, and drove over the rough streets to his home. Tenderly they laid him in his bed and gave him stimulants and rubbed his hands and placed hot bricks at his feet.

All night long they worked over him with unceas-

ing labor, and as the morning broke, he opened his eyes and looked about him.

"Something must have hit me!" he said, recalling to himself the events of the preceding evening.

"Yes," said his wife, "and John here saved your life!"

Crane looked at the boy, who sat beside his bed, with streaks of paint still on his face.

"Aha!" he said, "and you were there, were you, you pappoose!"

He closed his eyes again, wearied by the exertion of speaking even those few words. Then opening his eyes again, he called Mrs. Crane to him and whispered a word in her ear. She left the room for a moment, and returning, placed something in his hand.

"Young man," he said to John, "I don't know what you did those other two nights, and I do not care! I know I can trust you! Here are the keys!"

John took the keys and knelt beside the bed. A great nervous reaction followed the strain and anxiety of the night. He cried for joy, and the tears washed other furrows in the paint upon his face.

"I will tell you all about it when you are able to hear it," said John.

"I can wait," said Crane.

"I am so glad," said John, "to have these keys again."

"And on the whole," said Crane, "I think I have reason to be glad that you youngsters had your share in the Tea-Party."

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